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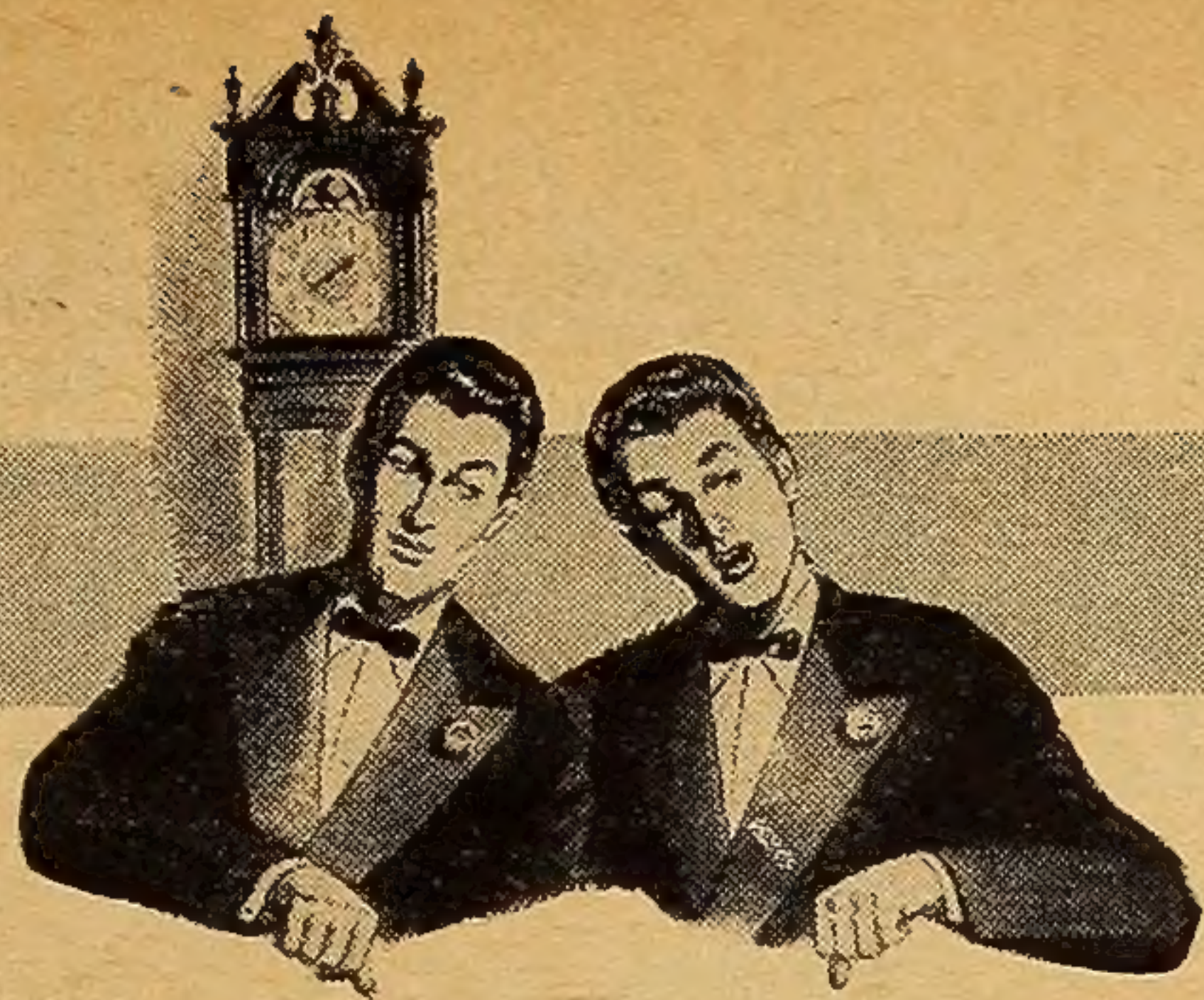
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NEWS

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On Our Cover: June Allyson and Peter Lawford, co-starring in MGM's "Good News."

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertisement

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

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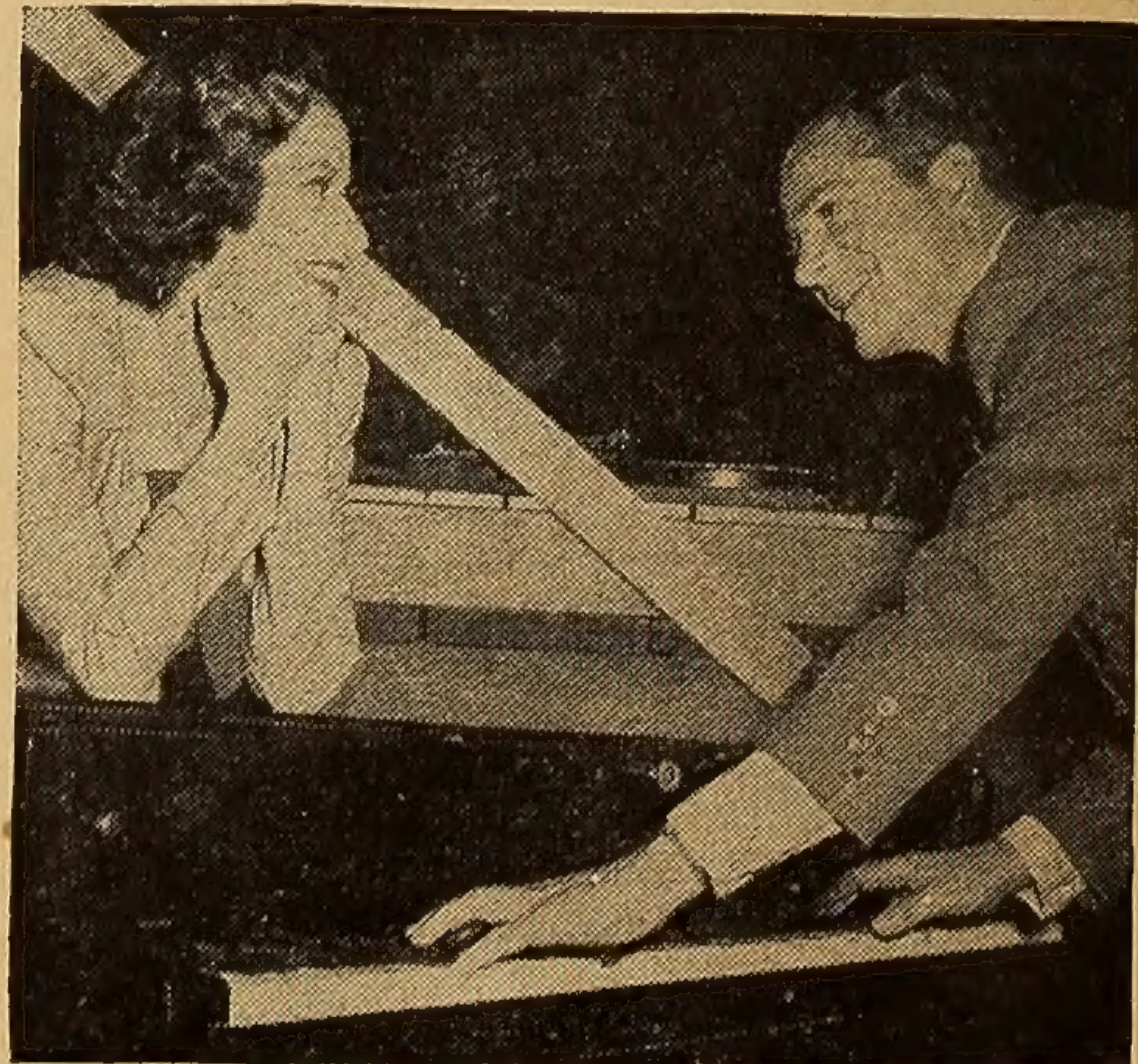


Frank Sinatra includes sliding down the banister, a hangover from childhood days, in his repertoire of exercise to keep fit for MGM's swashbuckling "The Kissing Bandit."

LITERALLY hundreds of actors were interviewed even for bit rôles in Alan Ladd's "The Long Gray Line." Many of them were perfect for the part, but they were taller than Alan. Being as how they appeared in the same scenes with the star, this would never do. Alan himself is too regular to care. But his studio insists that he appear tall as well as blond and handsome.

IF Dick Powell and June Allyson slip out of town when he finishes "Stations West," they may return with a "third party." They're getting impatient waiting for the stork to give them a break, so in the meantime they want to adopt a baby. Both love kiddies. Dick's two are living in the East with Joan Blondell, who is now married to Mike Todd. The baby who gets Dick and June for parents will live in a world of four-leaf clovers.

'JUST friends,' that's the final relationship between Gail Russell and Guy Madison. And no torches are burning. While Guy's playing the field, Gail's seen here and there with a bearded gentleman. And the gent behind the muff is John Dall. Universal-International ordered him to stop shaving for his rôle in "Another Part of the Forest."



Merle Oberon admires Dana Andrews' piano technique acquired for his rôle in RKO's "Night Song." Watch for our forthcoming fictionization of this strong romantic drama.



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for a wild Irish Rose!



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SILVER MOON"
- "MY EVENING STAR"
- "MY NELLIE'S BLUE EYES"
- "MOTHER MACHREE"
- "DEAR OLD DONEGAL"
- "WEE ROSE OF KILLARNEY"
- "IF I'M DREAMING,
LET ME DREAM"
- "LET THE REST OF THE
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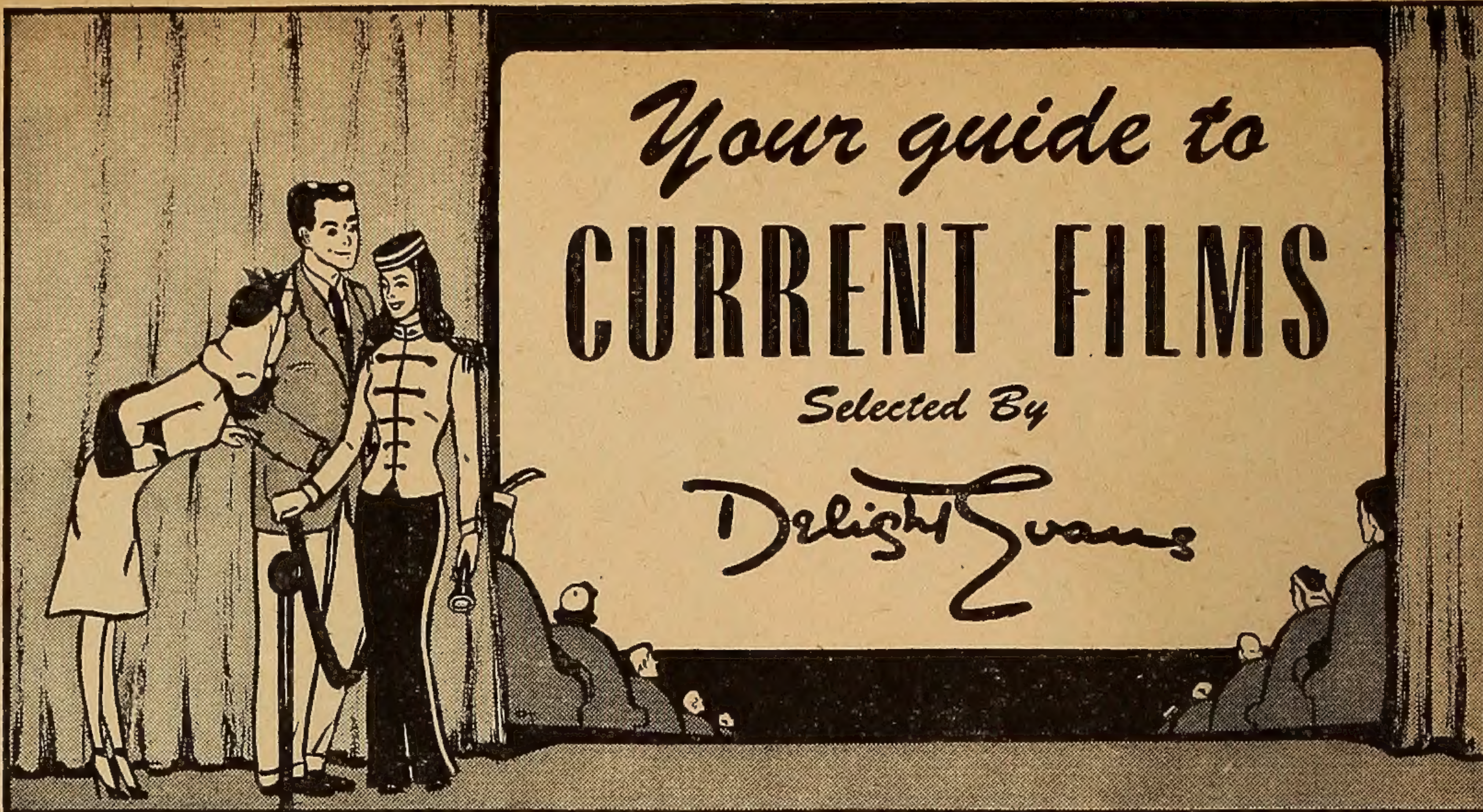
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SCREENLAND

Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

Eleanor Parker at last has been given a rôle which suits both her personality and dramatic talent perfectly. As the lovable, slightly confused actress, *Sally*, of Broadway's long-run stage hit, she gives a deft, pleasing performance that should place this picture at the top of your best-liked movies. Ronald Reagan makes a further stride toward popularity as *Sgt. Bill Page*, who corrects *Sally's* misconceptions on the subjects of love and marriage. Improperities, forced by the war-time housing situation, have been handled with a common sense good taste. Eve Arden is in excellent form as the sophisticated actress friend, who becomes involved in too many dates at the same time. Wayne Morris is one of them, very good as a Navy commander. Kent Smith is seen briefly in a good characterization of the theatrical producer who loves lightly.

Once upon a time there was a man named Walt Disney who wanted to make the whole world happy. So he drew a picture and called him *Mickey Mouse*. And that pleased everyone so he drew another and called him *Donald Duck*. And still people were so happy he drew another and called him *Goofy*. Then came *Jiminy Cricket*. Things kept on going that way until he dreamed up two more—a circus bear named *Bongo*, and *Lulubelle*, who is so pretty and cute the citified bear falls desperately in love with her and fights great big *Lumphaw Bear* to win her affections. Dinah Shore wanted to make people happy too, so she tells you all about *Bongo*. Then Edgar Bergen, with Charley and Mortimer chiming in, tells about the *Harp Lady*. You're never too old for such fables in Technicolor!

The wide scope of scenes and plot in the Elizabeth Goudge novel fills the screen with top notch movie entertainment, with Lana Turner turning in the most notable performance of her career in the star rôle of *Marianne*, who marries the man who loves her sister *Marguerite*. Lana's interpretation of the character shows a fine artistry, bringing a zesty aliveness and vitality to pushing her unwilling husband, Richard Hart (definitely on the beam) to success as a New Zealand lumberman, and she shows a keen understanding of the emotions of a girl who has been married out of pity. Donna Reed, as the sister who becomes a nun, Van Heflin, as the murderer who finds a new life in New Zealand, give splendid portrayals in important rôles. Earthquake and tidal wave scenes are terrific.

Given the clue to the culprit's identity in the opening scenes of the murder mystery based on an Agatha Christie story, you'll find it difficult to restrain yourself from shouting admonitions to the lovely heroine who succumbs to the dark charm of the murderer, John Hodiak, and marries him. It's spine-tingling suspense from the word "go." Sylvia Sidney makes a charming picture in the costumes of 1900, and her performance as the trusting and unsuspecting wife adds immeasurably to the taut plot. John Howard plays the hero's rôle, the jilted fiancé. His scenes are limited, but he crashes through in the fade-out to rescue Sylvia while the Scotland Yard Inspector, Fred Worlock, after knock-down, drag-out fight, takes the murderer into custody.

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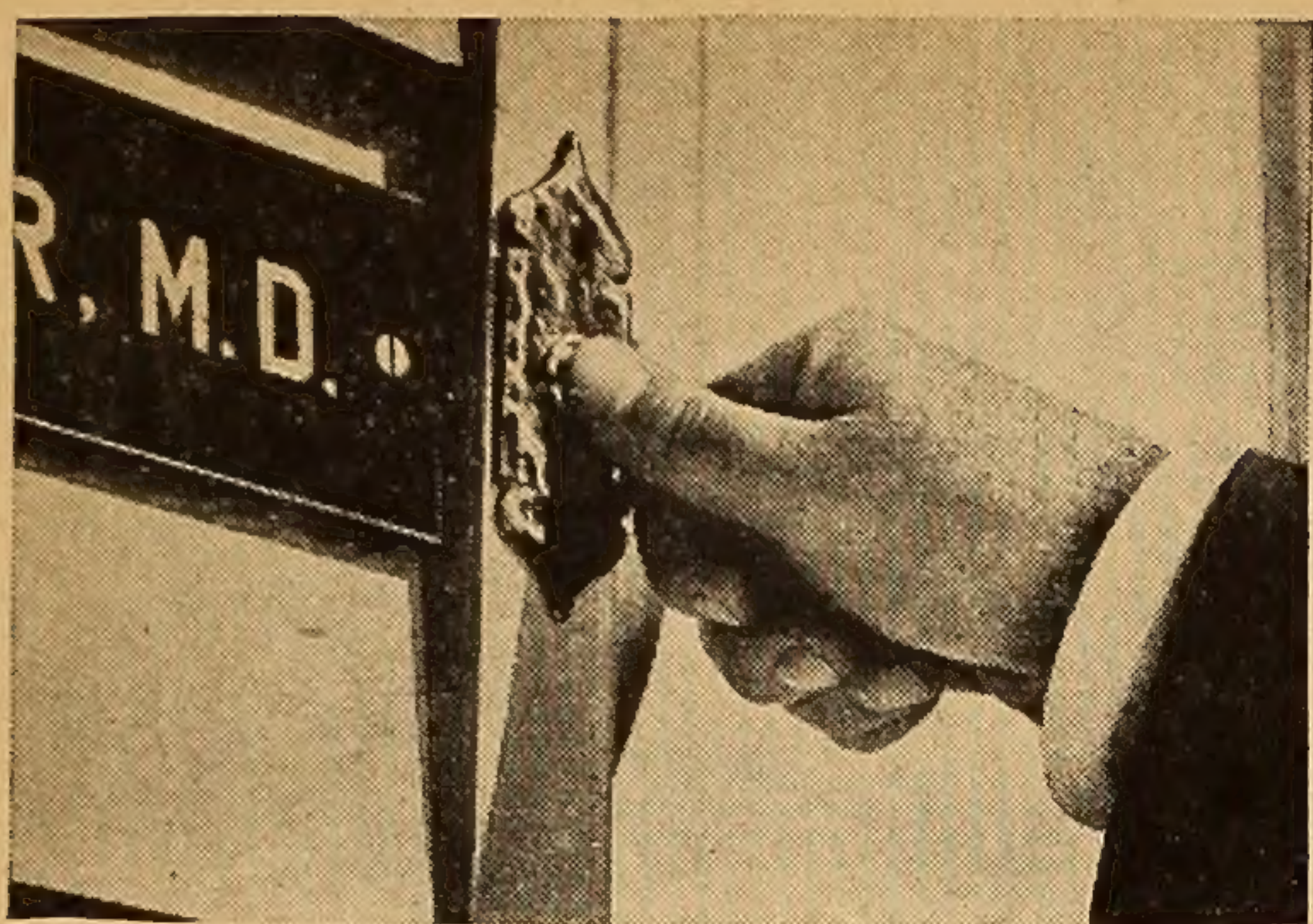
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3. Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark.
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6. Bloody discharge from the nipple or irregular bleeding from any of natural body openings.
7. Any change in the normal bowel habits.



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FOREVER AMBER—20th Century-Fox

It's up to you! We can only remind you that this picture has been put on a disapproved list so it is strictly between you and your conscience whether or not you meet up with *Amber* in the luscious person of Linda Darnell. Frankly, we can't see what all the fuss is about, since the script of the Kathleen Winsor fable of the enterprising 17th Century witch has been so carefully laundered that her amorous adventures seem merely innocuous. Gorgeous in Technicolor and period costumes, Linda is always ravishing though she strikes no sparks as a siren. Registering most strongly are George Sanders, Richard Greene, Glenn Langan, and notably John Russell (Aside to Darryl Zanuck: Here's another Gable—give him a break). Cornel Wilde is surprisingly weak and ineffectual as *Bruce Carlton*. Either Otto Preminger's leisurely direction or an aimless script keeps this romantic drama from becoming authentically exciting.



RIDE THE PINK HORSE—U-I

As director and star of Joan Harrison's production based on Dorothy B. Hughes' novel, Robert Montgomery has achieved a unique effect. Shunning the tired old formula for murder mysteries, he has given us something brand new and different, a highly dramatic story which takes a war veteran to a small town in New Mexico to attempt blackmailing the murderer of a pal, but his conscience defeats him. Wanda Hendrix, as the little Mexican girl who "sees things" and nurses the world-be blackmailer through his injuries in battle, gives a remarkable performance that should establish her career.



THE FOXES OF HARROW—20th Century-Fox

Rich in plot, colorful in characterizations of old New Orleans aristocracy, the film version of Frank Yerby's novel is super movie fare. It takes you out of your own little world into the exciting, thrilling one of the suavely dashing hero, Rex Harrison, who builds a fortune on his poker winnings to win the hand of the fiery, beautiful and dignified darling of Creole social set, Maureen O'Hara. Richard Haydn as a southern Beau Brummel, Victor McLaglen as a gruff pig-boat captain, and Patricia Medina, seen all too briefly as the "other woman," are excellent, but it's Rex Harrison's picture.



NIGHTMARE ALLEY—20th Century-Fox

What's a geek? You'll find out when you see this new Tyrone Power picture. It isn't a pretty picture, we warn you; and definitely not for family consumption. Prepare yourself for a shock—the spectacle of the screen's handsomest actor playing to the hilt the rôle of an all-out cad. He joins up with a cheap carnival where he preys on susceptible women (*all* women are susceptible to this too-handsome character), particularly Joan Blondell, whose mind-reading secrets he steals and parlays into a successful night club act with beautiful Coleen Gray as his partner. It isn't until he meets up with an equally unscrupulous character, a phoney psychiatrist, played by stunning Helen Walker, that he meets his match. Unlike the book, the picture has a pseudo-happy ending. Ty Power fans will wonder why he deliberately chose to play such an unsavory rôle even though his performance is honest and uncompromising throughout.



THE SWORDSMAN—Columbia

Larry Parks takes the high road to adventure and romance—and Scotland—in this tam-o'shanter Western of the 18th Century era. The exciting chase takes place amid scenes of lochs and sky-high castles, and there's much more clash and action in duels than the two-gun play of Western badmen and heroes. The story provides Larry with a lovely heroine too, Ellen Drew, as the daughter of a rival clan with which Larry's family has been feuding lo, these many years. George Macready, as her cousin, is responsible for all the heavy villainy, playing his own game to win clan leadership.



WHERE THERE'S LIFE—Paramount

We nominate Bob Hope the King of Laughter in this hilarious Paul Jones production, directed by Sidney Lanfield. You'll have to be alert to catch *all* the chuckles bounced your way amid the fast-paced action that places Bob, as disk jockey and heir to a mythical kingdom, on the underground political party's murder list. Spooky, too, with sliding panels, black-hooded prowlers, and knives hurled through space! Signe Hasso plays the rôle of the feminine *General* with dignity and a great deal of eye appeal. William Bendix adds laughs as the cop, out to make Bob do right by sister, Vera Marshe.

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Popular Throughout the Nation!



ELEANOR PARKER



WALTER PIDGEON



KATHARINE HEPBURN



JEAN PIERRE AUMONT



ans'



orum



FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

First Prize Letter
\$10.00

"Why, she's old enough to be my grandmother!" is a remark frequently heard about such actresses as Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck and Katharine Hepburn. Yet these three—and many other screen ladies in their late thirties and early forties—go on and on, playing the "love interest" in top films. And never do you hear, "Why, she looks old enough to be my grandmother!" about any of them.

In fact, if one can say of these stars that they are as young as they look and act, they are every bit as youthful—and certainly much more dramatically talented—as the Elizabeth Scotts, Lauren Bacalls and Ava Gardner.

Ancient Greece was famous for its scholars and philosophers; they believed a fine mind belonged in a healthy body. Our own psychologists say a fresh, zestful outlook and good grooming is important to the individual's stability and success in life. Thus, since Hollywood sets the modes in staying youthful, as well as in styles and hair-do's, modern America can particularly thank the "grandmother" actresses of filmland for the trim, ever-young qualities we admire in the women of our farms, towns and cities.

BEN R. DALY, Daytona Beach, Fla.

MOVIE WONDERS

Second Prize Letter
\$5.00

Alice-in-Wonderland did not see anything more fantastic than we see any day we go to the movies. For instance, the dialogue may tell us that the hero or heroine lives in a little cottage by the sea or at the end of the land. What do we actually see? Chances are good that we see a mansion or castle as elegant and as luxurious as any millionaire or feudal baron could endow. This is what is supposed to pass to us movie-goers as a little cottage. Whether

Sound Off

Those super-special ideas and suggestions you have about movies and movie people will do no one any good if you keep them boxed up in your own cranium. Let's hear your laments and comments. Your fellow readers will enjoy agreeing or disagreeing with you and your ideas may be just what the movie-making crew in Hollywood is looking for to make bigger and better pictures. Monthly awards for the best letters printed: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

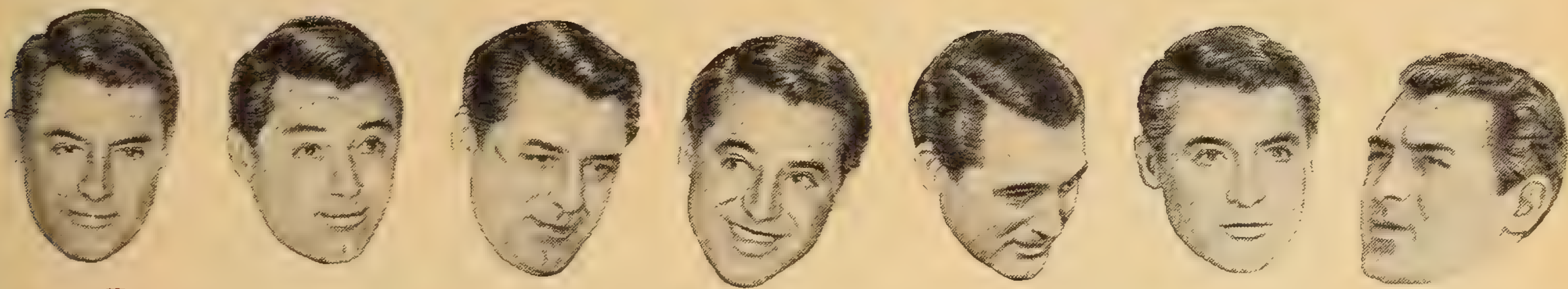
the hero or heroine is a white-collar worker, a laborer, or a millionaire, the setting too often is the same. While we do not demand that the person live in a shack or old shanty, the other extreme is not acceptable either. How about just a sure-enough little cottage? This is the dream of about two-thirds of the nation anyhow and would suffice to take us out of the harsh realities of the everyday world as much as the improbable mansion and would be true to the story.

The wonders of Hollywood are many, but some of them are just too much for even the gullible American theater patrons. Too much is the "humble little abode" with fourteen rooms, servants, plush-lined upholstery, 17th Century Antique furniture and chandeliers, and a two-car garage with as many cars. Too much is the "Mrs. Astorbilt de Manville" look of the girl portraying an average American working girl. Of course America has the finest homes and the best-looking women anywhere, but let's not get too enthusiastic about it and let ourselves be carried away in portraying them. By staying with the facts of the story being presented, Hollywood can cut costs and save face. The critics will be kinder, too, especially this one.

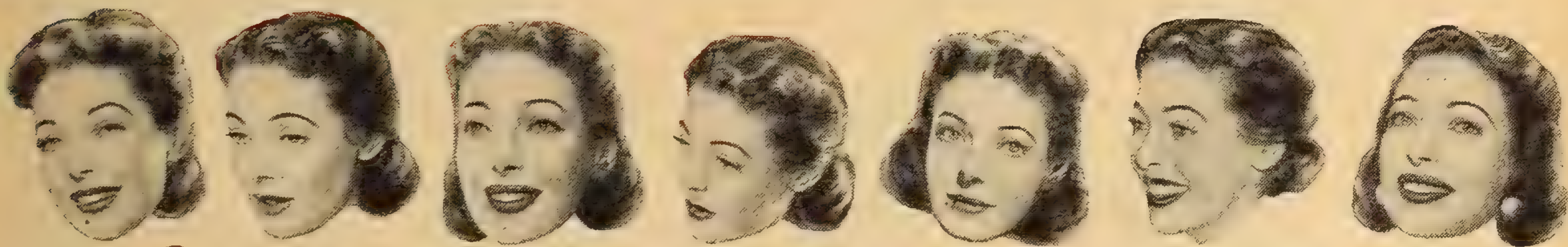
MRS. JOHN SHARKEY, Shreveport, La.
(Please turn to page 64)

WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!

Samuel Goldwyn who brought you "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", now presents a heart-warming comedy — "The Bishop's Wife."



Cary Grant ... an out-of-this-world guy with worldly ideas.



Loretta Young the bishop's wife — thought the ideas were good!



David Niven the bishop who had some ideas of his own.

The Bishop's Wife ... a comedy that will leave every wife smiling and thinking ... every husband smiling and wondering ... and every sweetheart? ??

with **MONTY WOOLLEY**

JAMES GLEASON • GLADYS COOPER • ELSA LANCHESTER and THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR

Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Screen Play by
Robert E. Sherwood & Leonardo Bercovici

From the Novel by
Robert Nathan

Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.



Ever wish you were Aladdin?

You remember him . . .

He was the lucky fellow who found a magic lamp. It gave him everything he wished for—from diamond-crusted palaces to a sultan's daughter as his bride.

You've probably wished a lot of times for a miracle like this to happen to you. Maybe not for out-of-this-world treasures, but for something that will take care of the things that are bound to come up.

Like medical expenses, or college for the kids. Or maybe just for the nice, safe feeling it gives you to have some extra money put aside for the future.

Though no magic is involved, there is a way to give you this security. The Payroll Savings Plan. Or, if you're not eligible for the Payroll Plan but have a checking account, the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either way, it's almost unbelievable how quickly your money accumulates.

Where else can you get such a *safe*, generous return on your money (\$4 for every \$3)? It's so simple—so easy, you hardly miss the money that you're saving.

And don't forget—at the same time, you're *making more!*

Next to a magic lamp, there's no better way than this to make sure your future is secure.

**Save the easy, automatic way
...with U.S. Savings Bonds**

**Last minute
Christmas shoppers
will get a few
suggestions from
these gift items**



Seaforth offers a Christmas package with non-breakable containers.

Guide to Glamor



Above, gift set of Tabu perfume and combination lipstick-perfume vial. Upper right, Hudnut's Yanky Clover set in gay box. Right, Wrisley's handsome gift set for men contains both shave lotion and shaving soap.



LAST minute Christmas shopping always presents a problem, so we thought you would like a few suggestions.

You can make your job so much easier by knowing just what you want before you start to shop. The items pictured on this page can be found in most of the large drug and department stores near your home.

The Seaforth set at the top of the page is ideal for the traveling male because the Duralite containers can't be broken. Shaving lotion, talc, hairdressing and brushless shave cream in a set sells for \$4.35, plus tax.

Richard Hudnut's Yanky Clover set makes another good gift, only this time for a woman. Contains cologne, dusting powder and soap in an attractive package. Good on the budget, too, it's only \$3, plus tax.

Dana offers a lush set of Tabu perfume and lipstick with a concealed vial in the other end for \$5, plus tax. You know how the girls all go for Tabu!

Something else for the men is this Wrisley set in the Spruce fragrance. Shave lotion and soap in attractive container for only \$2.00, plus tax.

WHEN CANTOR SINGS

"If you knew Susie"

... This terrific musical takes the
down-beat ... with a billion dollar story about
two lovable hams who became the world's richest
people ... for one fabulous week!



Hear THESE HITS!
"If You Know Susie"
"What Do I Want
with Money"
"We're Living the Life
We Love"
"My, How the Time
Goes By"
"My Brooklyn Love Song"

RKO
PRESENTS

EDDIE CANTOR • JOAN DAVIS

in

"If you knew Susie"

with **ALLYN JOSLYN • CHARLES DINGLE • BOBBY DRISCOLL**
Produced by EDDIE CANTOR • Directed by GORDON M. DOUGLAS • Original Screen Play by Warren Wilson and Oscar Brodney



Hair Styles

A La Hutton



Frolicking Betty Hutton shows you different hair styles that are smart yet simple. Betty's forthcoming opus for Paramount is "Dream Girl."

**Betty Hutton makes certain that
her shining glory looks tiptop
with hair styles that are becoming**

WHEN you go to the movies and see glamorous stars with numerous and tricky hair-do's, it is a pretty sure guess that you are often just a mite envious. Of course, you tell yourself that she has a hair-dresser who bounces around after her to keep her locks looking just so.

Well, that's pretty true to a certain extent when they are shooting a picture, but when at home or here in New York, they get no such attention, believe me. I meet several stars each month and the more of them I meet, the more I am amazed. You see, we shoot photos of them in our photographic studio and usually there are no hair-dressers about then. These girls have to know how to fix their hair or the photos would turn out pretty awful. And each and every one of them is a whiz. For one picture sometimes it would make a better pose if the star wears her hair up, so pronto she swirls a few pieces here and there and up it is, perfectly. For other shots we want pigtails or a braid or a casual coif and each time we get just what we want. Nor am I referring to just a few, this goes for all of them. Those girls out Hollywood way have to look glamorous and what's more they do. But the miracle of it all is they know how to do it by themselves. (Please turn to page 84)



Reading from the top, note Betty's simple hair-do with ribbon. Then the glamor Hutton's hair goes up with soft ringlet in front, braids for casual wear, and sweeps upward for evening variety.

By Claire Finucane

JAMES HILTON

whose inspired pen
brought so many
memorable dramas
to the screen...

"LOST HORIZON"
"RANDOM HARVEST"
"GOODBYE MR. CHIPS"

SCORES AGAIN... with this unforgettable motion
picture of a woman whose love won many
men's hearts...but
whose ambition
destroyed them!



From the beloved
best-seller that was read
by more than ten million
people!



RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC. and J. ARTHUR RANK present

JOHN MILLS • MARTHA SCOTT • PATRICIA ROG • TREVOR HOWARD • RICHARD CARLSON

in JAMES HILTON'S *So Well Remembered*

with REGINALD TATE • FREDERICK LEISTER

Produced by ADRIAN SCOTT • Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK • Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON

"I don't belong to

Two kinds of men...two
kinds of love...in her
life...and when she
chooses it must be forever!

any man"

JOAN CRAWFORD
DANA ANDREWS
HENRY FONDA *in*

Daisy Kenyon

with
RUTH WARRICK
MARTHA STEWART
PEGGY ANN GARNER
CONNIE MARSHALL
NICHOLAS JOY • ART BAKER

Produced and Directed by OTTO PREMINGER • Screen Play by David Hertz • Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Janeway

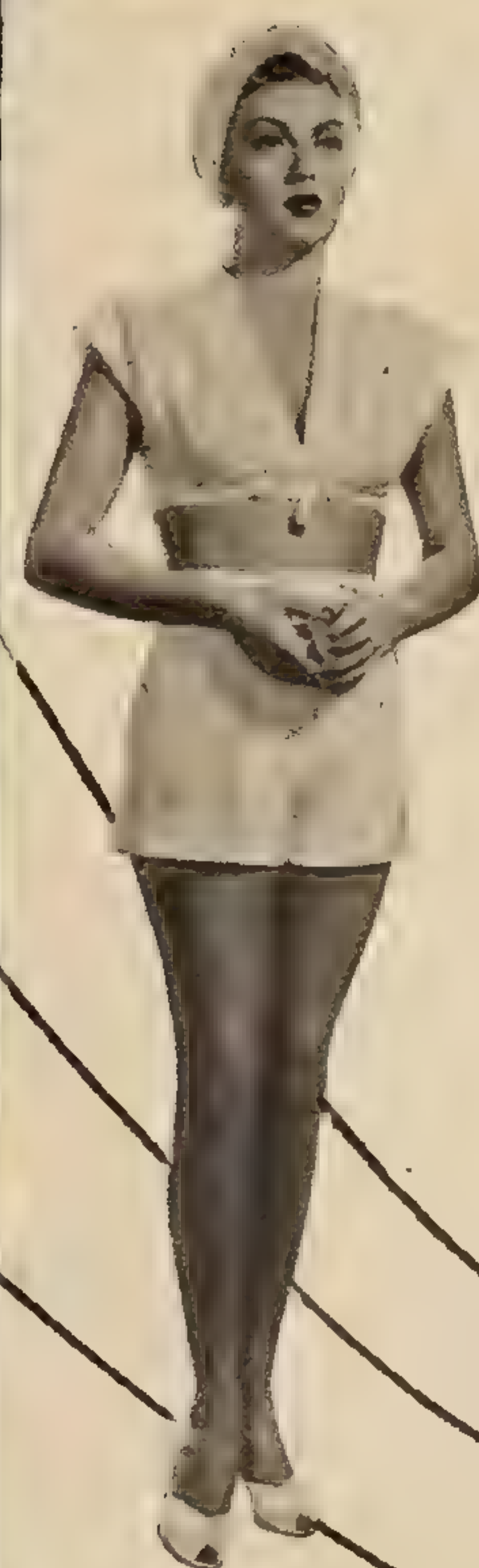


A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
ROMANTIC HIT!



AN OPEN LETTER TO LANA TURNER

The Editor's Page



Salute to an actress! Turner the Glamor Queen gives good performance in "Green Dolphin Street"—closeups above show her in many moods; last two in character for "G.D.S." Left, Lana on location is just another hardworking actress and Good Joe—plays gin rummy with makeup man Dell Armstrong between scenes.

GLAMOR GIRL turns Actress! I never thought it would happen to you, of all people. Certainly when I first saw you eight years or so ago dashing about Hollywood in a fire-engine-red open car, I'd never have believed that this spectacular-looking youngster could ever do anything more than glorify the great American sweater—not that that's bad. But how

you've fooled me. From the sweater kid to very good actress is quite a jump, and you have chosen to do it the hard way—learning to do your job and working at it seriously and sincerely until today, in "Green Dolphin Street," you're a real star. You could have gone on making the Hollywood headlines with new dates and hair-do's as long as you wanted to—longer, be-

cause you'll even be glamorous in grandmother rôles. Yes, when a romantic play-girl can buckle down and work hard it indicates to me she has Character—which sounds dull and is old-fashioned but is still a pretty good thing to have.

Delight Evans

Dana Andrews and Joan Crawford in "Daisy Kenyon"



Joan

Psychoanalyzes Crawford

DEAR GLADYS:

Thanks so much for your sweet letter and for all the kind and wonderful things you say about "Possessed." I couldn't possibly be happier that you like it.

I like it, too. In fact, of all the movie rôles I've played to date, *Louise* in "Possessed" is my favorite. The things we like best are always the things we feel we do best. That's why I, who am never, in private life, the life of the party type, like drama better than comedy. I feel better equipped for it, and the more dramatic the story, the more intense the character, the better I like it.

I loved *Louise's* mental processes because I had to work hard to figure out why she was (Please turned to page 71)



Seldom is a famous star as
frank as this in exploring
her own mind and emotions

In a letter to Gladys Hall

Joan with Christopher and Christina Crawford

NOT SINCE Marlene Dietrich sauntered down Hollywood Boulevard in trousers, to start the now nationally accepted slack suit style, has such a fashion controversy raged in Hollywood and across the nation! The subject is skirts. To lengthen or not to lengthen—that is the question. And what about padded hips? How do they rate on the fashion horizon? The astute and caustic comment among males is that if American women want padded hips, they can just stop dieting. Same effect, no outlay of cash to disrupt tight budgets.

This outlay of cash is what is disturbing the male population in general. Not since Irene's fabulous shoulder pads overnight changed the suit and dress silhouette have women had such an iron-clad excuse to get themselves completely new wardrobes to keep in style's stride.

Indeed, there is one school of thought which holds that this fact indicates snide trickery on the part of manufacturers and designers. With skirts twelve to fourteen inches from the floor, it seems suspicious that this is the one length that makes it impossible for a girl's old skirts to be "let down." For, millionaire or housewife, society belle or file clerk—they must all conform. If long skirts are "in," there are few women who will buck Dame Fashion. No one wants to be a square peg in a round hole.

As a rule, women embrace new styles enthusiastically. As RKO's designer, Renié, puts it, "New styles mean new silhouettes, and women will go for that 'New Look.' They are very tired of the same old silhou-

ettes after the years of war and the accompanying material shortages."

But, at this point, no one really knows which way the fashion wind will blow. This puts top studio designers in a peculiarly difficult spot. They are designing clothes for high-budget pictures, many of which will not be released until after the new styles have either been accepted or rejected. Millions of dollars are being gambled on productions depicting current-day America, and gambled is the right word. For even the high- (Please turn to page 84)

GREGORY PECK

DANA ANDREWS

VICTOR MATURE

PETER LAWFORD

**Hollywood's he-men
stars have their say
on the "New Look"
in women's fashions**

By Alyce Canfield

The long and short of it, illustrated by Joan Bennett and Ann Sothorn, right.

Editor's Note: See pages 60 and 61 for first pictures of the "New Look" in fashion as it is interpreted by Hollywood.



the
LONG
and
SHORT
of it

ROBERT TAYLOR



FRANK SINATRA



VAN JOHNSON



DENNIS MORGAN



JOHN GARFIELD



KEENAN WYNN



PAT O'BRIEN



CLARK GABLE



GENE KELLY



VAN JOHNSON:

I don't like the long skirts. I like to see the gals' legs!

FRANK SINATRA:

To me a good-looking girl looks swell no matter what she wears. So I say if she wants to wear long skirts, o.k. If she wants to wear short skirts, o.k. It makes no difference what she wears IF it looks well on her.

VICTOR MATURE:

American girls have the most beautiful legs in the world, so why cover them up? Besides, with half the world in rags and with clothes rationing still in effect in Europe, I think it's unpatriotic to deliberately make American women throw away their old clothes or use more material than necessary in making the new ones.

(Please turn to page 76)



Learning to play the harp for his rôle in Samuel Goldwyn's new production, "The Bishop's Wife," was one of the toughest jobs Cary ever tackled.

**Scoop! First news
of Cary's big new
plans for the future**

By Hettie Grimstead

CARY GRANT GOES CRUSADING

JUST suppose you were a famous screen star, with a luxurious Hollywood estate, and one of the biggest studios offered you a headache-free five year contract carrying a top-rate salary. Would you take that security, or would you refuse it to stake your savings on making the type of film you've longed to act in for years, making it, too, in an uncomfortable, economically disturbed country where you haven't even a home to call your own nor any special social interests?

Cary Grant has just been faced with this problem, and he chose the latter course without the slightest hesitation. Not that Cary scorns material considerations any more than you and I, but he does possess a tremendously powerful artistic ambition

which can overwhelm all his other emotions. For a long time past he's had this favorite pipe-dream about one special kind of film, a picture with a story that doesn't spring from any particular background but which is homely and familiar to people all over



Straight from England comes our exclusive story giving Grant's frank views on everything from movies to matrimony. The man who is hard to pin down for personal interviews in Hollywood reveals his inner personality here. Above, Cary signs autograph albums for the restaurant staff during his recent visit to London Film Studio, Shepperton, with Sir Alexander Korda watching.

the world—a truly international motion picture.

Last summer Cary suddenly saw the chance to crystallize this vision. It sprang from some incidental remarks made by Sir Alexander Korda at a New York luncheon. So being Cary Grant, that complex, often cussed, always utterly charming character, he turned future stability down flat and embarked instead upon his private crusade to offer moviegoers something completely different from any film in which he has acted before.

With Sir Alexander, Cary has registered a small private company in Britain to make a series of productions at the Shepperton Studios on the banks of the River Thames just outside London. Cary will be co-executive as well as star, with considerable say about everything from casting to cutting. They have signed up the brilliant young man who is generally considered Britain's finest director, Carol Reed, who made "Odd Man Out" and who has said he will never work with any star whom he does not consider essentially intelligent and dramatically outstanding. Cary says Carol's agreement is the biggest compliment he has ever been paid.

(Please turn to page 87)



Sure and it'll be a great day for the Irish, and everybody else, when Dennis' new musical, "My Wild Irish Rose," is released. Based on the life of the popular singer of Irish ballads, the late Chauncey Olcott, it gives Dennis (that good American of Scandinavian descent from Wisconsin) a chance to sing and romance in the Morgan manner. Above, on a bicycle built for 3: Dennis with Arlene Dahl and Andrea King. Right, with daughter Kristen, who makes her screen debut in film with Daddy. Below, Mrs. Morgan visits the set.



The Morgan the Merrier!



Hot on the horizon: handsome new French actor of "The Paradine Case"

By Ben Maddox

CALLING all females. *Get ready.* You haven't seen anything yet!

If you've been muttering it's high time for Hollywood's geniuses to present some new younger heroes, get set to meet Mister Dream Boat of '48. No longer need you bolster up your imagination as you trot to your favorite theater. Hot on the horizon is someone new who

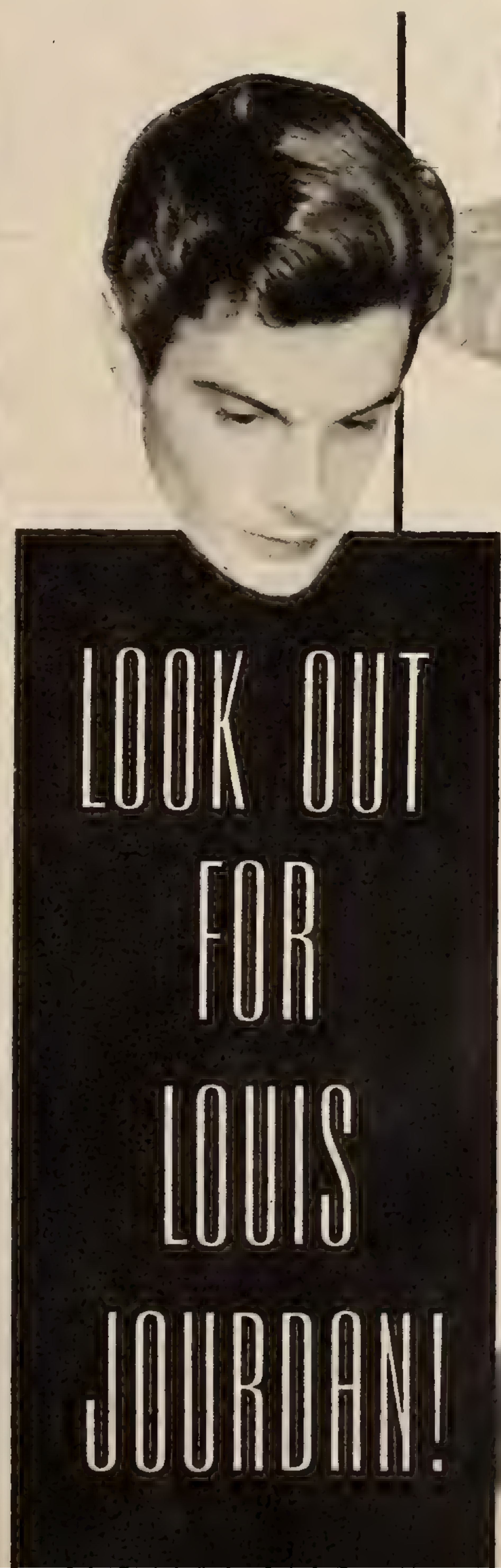
reeks with romance. He is not the boy next door. He's from Paris. Name to be etched on your catch-soon list is Louis Jourdan, pronounced by him *Louey Shor-dan*, accenting the last syllable.

When I heard that canny David O. Selznick had launched this new star I checked on Louis directly. I know Gable, Power, Johnson, Wilde, Peck and such people, and after getting acquainted with Louis I don't think I'm sticking my neck out when I predict that here is definitely the dames' new delight. He not only has the unusual dashing appearance that the success of the old silent movies was built on, but a flock of personal improvements that the first and even our present male stars hadn't when they were in his spot.

He owes his chance to Selznick's noting him in several of the ten French films he's made. Until now, D.O.S. has had the habit of observing feminine box-office bets when he sees foreign pictures; it was he who gave Garbo, Ingrid Bergman, Vivien Leigh, and currently Valli, their American passports to international fame, you remember. Possibly the big profits he's re- (Please turn to page 77)



Louis and chic wife Quique (pronounced just Keek) practice le jazz hot at home.



**LOOK OUT
FOR
LOUIS
JOURDAN!**




"I'm the Mother of a Cinderella Baby"

*says
Coleen Gray*

"KISS of Death" brought the kiss of fame to two lucky and talented players—Richard Widmark and Coleen Gray. Remember Coleen? If you saw "Kiss of Death" I defy you to forget her. She was the girl Victor Mature couldn't forget and whom he married after his release from prison. She was the girl who built her whole life around him.

The actual Coleen Gray is capable of that kind of fidelity to her own husband—a dashing, charming, dark-haired young man named Rodney Amateau. In saying that I know I'm sticking my neck out. Too many movie marriages are here today and gone tomorrow. The people involved sometimes fall in and out of love with disconcerting impulsiveness. They get married, get divorced, and then get married again.

Coleen Gray knows all that. She knows all the perils of being a career wife and mother. She said to me as we sat chatting earnestly in one of the executive offices at 20th Century-Fox, "I think that a lot of marriages in Hollywood break up because the people involved put their careers first. My career means a lot to me, but I



**Beautiful newcomer who
looks like a kid herself points out
the perils of being a career wife
and mother, but she's doing a grand job**

By Dora Albert

put my private life—my husband and my home and my baby—ahead of my career. That's putting first values first."

She looked very sincere and honest as she told me this. I know that dozens of other movie stars have said similar things, and then their perspective has been twisted by the things that have happened to them in Hollywood. But I don't think it will happen to Coleen. Though she looks about seventeen, she is in her early twenties and has the heart and mind of a woman of thirty. In fact, I know lots of women that age who haven't her wisdom, her serene ability to face situations.

But first let me tell you a little of what she's like. She has a heart-shaped face, enormous blue eyes, and blonde hair. She's five feet three inches tall and has a very winning smile. Her real name is Doris Jensen and she's no Irish colleen—she was born in Nebraska of Danish parents. Her father was a farmer, and she spent all her early girlhood on a farm. She struck roots in the soil, acquiring a kind of ability to face life such as few city-born girls have.

She has a very solid background. Most of her life she has fought and worked for everything she got. Nothing was ever handed to her on a silver platter. When she was about seven years old, her father bought a farm in Minnesota. No doubt he hoped that this would help to provide for his family—Coleen and her older brother and Coleen's mother—for the rest of their lives. "Poor dad," sighs Coleen. "He bought the farm in 1929. The crash came right after that; then the depression and then the drought." The Jensen family (*Please turn to page 74*)



These are no "publicity poses," but true pictures of Coleen Gray's home life. She's her own housekeeper, and a good one. In her modest apartment she cooks, scours, cleans, minds her 15-months-old baby. At the studio she is a sincere, conscientious actress, performing her rôle opposite Tyrone Power, at right above in "Nightmare Alley," with earnest concentration. Director Edmund Goulding predicts great star future for Coleen. At right, the young mother points out Daddy's picture to baby Susan. He's Rodney Amateau, now in Europe gathering post-war material for a motion picture script.





JANUARY						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Girl of the Month • Ann Sothern



Ann Sothern, our January Girl, is really going places from now on! No more in *Maisie* rôles, Ann has the best chance of her career in Warner Bros.' "April Showers," with Jack Carson. Her sparkling blonde beauty, her fine voice and talent for comedy come into their own. Color photo by Gene Richee.



**January Girls are going places!
Wearing blue, and sunny faces.
Give 'em garnets, take 'em out—
Saturday's good, if you're in doubt**

Washington

**WAS NEVER
LIKE THIS**

By Nina Lunn

Introducing the pretty young author of this exclusive article about the new production, starring William Powell, "The Senator Was Indiscreet":

Nina Lunn, debutante granddaughter of Senator Wallace H. White, Jr., majority leader of the Senate, arrived at Universal-International Studio from her native Washington, D. C., one fine sunny California day wearing the provocative title of Technical Advisor. This bit of witty chicanery was because producer Nunnally Johnson and his associate producer, Gene Fowler, Jr., thought it would be a good idea to have someone on hand who knew Washington from protocol to Congress for certain scenes in "The Senator Was Indiscreet."

With remarkable sharpness Hollywood immediately discovered technical advisors were never like this! A lush, statuesque honey-blonde, Miss Lunn brought not only a definite savoir-faire to Hollywood, she also brought sex appeal in lethal doses. So lethal, in fact, that you'll see her in the opening scene of "The Senator." Before the title goes on the screen, there is a shot of William Powell going down a corridor and getting into an elevator. Also in the elevator is Miss Nina Lunn. Powell looks at her, and she looks at Powell. They aren't exactly viewing each other with cold detachment. The elevator doors close, and across the screen flashes—"The Senator Was Indiscreet."

Miss Lunn's impressions of Hollywood, as told in this exclusive article, written expressly for publication in SCREENLAND Magazine, are equally to the point!



Here is Nina Lunn on the set of the hilarious U-I satire on Washington, chatting with film's star, William Powell. Washington deb who served as technical expert on the political comedy loves Hollywood; is shown, right, in Indian ceremonies and, far right, with actress Ella Raines.





Working on "The Senator Was Indiscreet" was great fun for Nina Lunn. As she remarks, Washington indeed was never like this. Above, she watches as makeup artist La Cava sprays Bill's mustachio. Below, right, Director George S. Kaufman inspects Nina's costume for small part she plays in the film. Other photos show Powell in typical scenes from the gay picture.

WHEN I started as technical advisor on "The Senator Was Indiscreet," I'd never heard of Melvin Gasoway Ashton. As I look back on it now, my life was certainly incomplete. Imagine never having heard of Senator Ashton—the man who campaigned not because he wanted to be president, but because he liked to dress and undress in pullman berths! Imagine not knowing Senator Ashton, who was not left, not right, but dead center. Indeed, I just don't know how I got along before I knew that Senator Ashton was against inflation, against deflation, for flation. It makes all the difference! I got very fond of the senator as the weeks went by. I learned a lot of things about him. I learned, for instance, that he had an alias: William Powell.

As production proceeded, I *(Please turn to page 85)*



"GOOD NEWS"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production

Produced by Arthur Freed. Directed by Charles Walters. With the following cast:

Connie Lane.....JUNE ALLYSON
Tommy Marlowe.....PETER LAWFORD
Pat McClellan....PATRICIA MARSHALL
Babe Doolittle.....JOAN McCRACKEN
Bobby Turner.....RAY McDONALD
Peter Van Dyne, III.....
.....ROBERT STRICKLAND
Beef.....LOREN TINDALL

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Beef.....LOREN TINDALL

"GOOD NEWS"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production

Produced by Arthur Freed. Directed by Charles Walters. With the following cast:

Connie Lane.....JUNE ALLYSON
Tommy Marlowe.....PETER LAWFORD
Pat McClellan....PATRICIA MARSHALL
Babe Doolittle.....JOAN McCRACKEN
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**It's young, it's gay, it's fun! Here's
the exclusive novelized version of the
new musical romance of the flapper age
co-starring June Allyson and Peter Lawford**



All out for dear old Tait College! Pete Lawford as Tommy Marlowe, most popular man on the campus, surrounded by admirers June Allyson, Patricia Marshall, Ray McDonald, and Joan McCracken. Read the rollicking story of their collegiate escapades in our fictionization.



NEWS

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

THERE MUST be something to that old bromide after all. I mean the one about troubles never coming singly. For it was on the very same Saturday that football practice began that Pat McClellan arrived at college, and neither of them was exactly what the rest of us co-eds would call good news.

Not that I'm against football, exactly. It's fun going to the games and whooping it up for dear old Tait. But it's not worth the torture we girls have to go through, especially those of us whose beaux are on the team. Cinderella was lucky. She could stay at the party until twelve. We can stay as long as we please, but what good does it do with our Prince Charmings having to be tucked into their little beds by ten?

No, to my way of thinking football is strictly a man's diversion, and you can put Pat down as another one. She looks like one of those cuddle pussies who always brings out the good ole male protective instinct, with those big, melting brown eyes of hers and that slim little chassis with curves in all the right places. But there was noth-



Pete loves Junie! But only after he learns that her simple sincerity has more charm than half a dozen other belles have to offer. June as Connie, beautiful but also brainy, triumphs over the campaign waged by Pat (Patricia Marshall) for Pete's fickle affections.



ing soft about Pat. She knew what she wanted and she was out to get it, and heaven help anyone who got in her way.

After that do I have to go into detail about how we girls at Phi Gamma Gamma felt about her? She was our pledge, and we were stuck with her. But we could still gripe about it, couldn't we?

We were having a wonderful time hauling her over the coals as we were getting ready for the first sorority party of

the season. There was a lot to do, pushing chairs out of the way, rolling up the rugs, picking out the best jazz records and congratulating ourselves we were the first house on campus to get that new Charleston one. So it wasn't until we were in the kitchen and going to town on the sandwiches that we really had a chance to do much talking.

But you can't keep going forever even on a wet smack (Please turn to page 64)





Shirley Temple, as a young wife and mother-to-be, has many interesting ideas on the in-law problem which she offers here. Star of Warners' "That Hagen Girl," Shirley is pictured above with her handsome husband, John Agar.

HOLLAND: I've a toughie for you this time. All about those people known as in-laws and what to do with them. So sharpen your swords and let's go. To begin with, do you think in-laws are the pests they're supposed to be?

GLENN: That seems like we're getting off on the wrong foot by asking if they're pests. By that question, we're assuming they are. I don't believe that's true at all. After all, any in-law *can* be a pest, but so can a husband or a wife or a child.

BOB: That's an extremely generous viewpoint to take, Glenn, but I can't go along with you on it. If you listen to what everybody says, it would appear that in-laws are pests. Plays are written about them, they're the topic for jokes on the radio. Can't be all smoke and no fire. However, everyone is practically an in-law to someone, so I guess the whole world hates itself.

GLENN: It's those jokes about in-laws that are bad to begin with. They make in-laws seem to be annoying freaks.

IRENE: You two men seem to be carrying on a private conversation, so I think it's time for us ladies to get into it! As far as I'm concerned, in-laws are pests only because people permit them to be. Lots of people live with in-laws but are wise enough to take their ups and downs for granted. It does seem the problem could be corrected if everyone used intelligence and tried not to become pests to anyone. And to remember the old adage—familiarity breeds contempt.

SHIRLEY: Well, the in-laws I know

about seem to keep very much to themselves. They're even super-cautious *not* to interfere. I think more and more they're letting young people make their own decisions. They don't necessarily stick up for their own children, either, if something happens. For example, if daughter can't cook, her mother doesn't say, "You shouldn't have to cook, dear, you should have help." Instead she says, "You'll just have to *learn* to cook, then!"

MAUREEN: I'm inclined to agree with Shirley. Both Will's and my family are fine people—and more important, they're good friends. I was raised so that I believed it was right I should marry into a man's family. Never was I given the idea at home that I wouldn't like my in-laws. The in-laws in my family were all close. I guess I've just never come in contact with the so-called awful ones.

IRENE: I know of one boy who had a difficult problem with his in-laws. It took him several years to correct it, and he only did it then by making it very plain to them that he was the boss of his house and that everything would go through him. His wife approved his stand. Now they're real friends. It's a situation that must be handled with tact—and with lots of patience, since it takes a long time to get the kinks ironed out. After all, I believe that every person with in-law trouble must remember one thing—he must live with them a long time and he should be careful never to say anything that can't be mended.

BOB: In my own case, I happen to be lucky enough to have wonderful in-laws. They all have a (*Please turn to page 68*)

DISCUSSING THE QUESTION:

"How Can You Get Along With Your In-Laws?"

Presenting
SCREENLAND'S *STAR*
ADVISERS

Forum Conducted by Jack Holland





Bob Cummings, always honest in expressing his opinions, has plenty to say about in-laws, whether mothers-in-law or just relatives-in-law, generally! You'll be seeing Bob in "Sleep, My Love" (scene, top, with Hazel Brooks).



Irene Dunne, above with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, and at top with William Powell and Jimmy Lydon at "Life with Father" opening, has her say on in-laws. So too does Maureen O'Hara, left, star of "The Foxes of Harrow."

Everybody loves a good argument! If you enjoy this one, write in suggesting next subject you'd like Star Advisers to discuss



Glenn Ford, stormy petrel of our Board of Star Advisers, really gets going on the problem under discussion in this issue. Don't miss his views, and don't miss Glenn in his next, Columbia's "The Mating of Millie," with Evelyn Keyes.

Lana Turner and Richard Hart are a new screen romantic team in the spectacular drama, "Green Dolphin Street."



Bob Walker gives a big hello to the new boy at MGM Studios. Hart made his hit in Broadway play, "Dark of the Moon."



And Hollywood hopes you'll take him, too, this newcomer called by Producer Carey Wilson "the most romantic leading man since Jack Gilbert"



Spencer Tracy wishes Richard Hart all the luck in the world in his movie career. Spence came from the New York stage, too.



Distinguished star Katharine Hepburn graciously takes time out from filming "Song of Love" to add her sincere and hearty welcome.



Lana Reed, who plays the youthful sweetheart of Richard Hart in "Green Dolphin Street," enjoyed working with the newcomer.

Dick gets the greatest honor MGM can bestow: sharing her lunch with Margaret O'Brien, the star every visitor wants most to meet.



Below, Hart towers above Mickey Rooney when the ebullient Mick bounces over from his own "Killer McCoy" set to greet the newcomer.

Hollywood takes HART

IT ISN'T every young actor who makes love to Greer Garson in his first picture, and to Lana Turner and Donna Reed in his second. According to statistics, it isn't any actor except Richard Hart. And when "Green Dolphin Street" and "Desire Me" hit your local theaters you'll see for yourself why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has rolled out the red carpet for this talented young actor.

Hollywood executives don't get excited over newcomers without good reason. They've seen too many come and go. But they're excited over Richard Hart out Culver City way, and they don't care who knows it. After Producer Carey Wilson had seen part of Dick's film with Miss Garson, he told a group of Metro executives that he considered Dick the finest romantic leading man and potential star since the late John Gilbert in the days of "Flesh and the Devil"—and promptly cast him in "Green Dolphin Street," which he was then preparing for production.

"Hart has the 'lean romantic face,'" Mr. Wilson went on to say, "he has the fine, clean-cut profile, he is physically impressive, being over six feet. That he is a fine and sensitive actor is important, though my characterization of him goes (Please turn to page 83)



June Allyson, our "Good News" star (see page 34, etc.) makes Richard feel right at home when he comes to see her between scenes.



Richard and his pretty wife present to cute daughter Hilary the silver baby cup, gift of cast and crew of "Green Dolphin Street."



By
Gertrude Shanklin



Cobina Wright found Diana Lynn, at left above, at the canapé table sampling a delicious new mushroom dish, described in this article. Diana confides she doesn't plan to marry wealthy young oil man, Bob Neal, (pictured with her) or anybody else right now. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wanger (Joan Bennett) at right above, sent a note of welcome wrapped around a bottle of champagne to Gene Tierney, center, one informal evening.

Hollywood's social circle isn't the vicious circle it is sometimes reported, says Mrs. Wright, who knows. The distinguished social leader takes you readers along on a gay round of the most amusing parties of the month, and also graciously offers to consider any questions you may care to ask her concerning the colorful, ever-changing Hollywood social scene, from charades to canapés.

Inside

Hollywood's Social Circle

By Cobina Wright

GOING, going, gone!

No, that's not a swan song for the old year, but the cry of auctioneer George Murphy as he called for bidders at the fabulous fashion auction and party held at Harold Lloyd's beautiful Beverly Hills estate. It was probably the most glamorous auction ever held, and movie celebrities and socialites gladly paid \$250 for a hat, \$300 for a bathing suit and \$8500 for a dinner gown, because the proceeds all went to the building fund for the Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children. Harold Lloyd turned his whole house and grounds over for the event, and I have never seen any place more beautifully decorated, with great garlands of white flowers stretching overhead and white satin-covered tables dotting the lawn.

George Murphy was chairman of the auctioneers and he had a really enthusiastic group of assistant spotters in Spen-

cer Tracy, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Brian Aherne, Lee Bowman, Buddy Rogers and Walter Wanger. They all got a terrific charge out of it and kept the bidding going at a fast and furious pace. I couldn't help laughing at Spencer Tracy because he pretended not to hear, if he thought a bid was too low, and Lee Bowman almost lost his voice trying to shout out the highest bid.

Louis B. Mayer paid \$1000 for a brown crepe evening gown modelled by Esther Williams, who really has the figure to sell any dress. Suddenly Esther startled everyone by saying, "I'll make immediate delivery of the dress!" She unzipped and—there she was in a striking two-piece gold lamé bathing suit, which Ted Briskin immediately bought for his wife, Betty Hutton. Betty, Doris Day, Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes helped to keep the interludes gay by singing for the generous-spirited guests,

when the refreshments were served.

When the auction was resumed I found Kay Kyser paying \$2000 for a Hattie Carnegie gown, and Mike Romanoff bidding \$1500 for a Carrie Munn gown which was being modelled by lovely Frances (Mrs. Edgar) Bergen. To add to all the brilliance, over a million dollars worth of diamonds were loaned to wear as accessories with the dresses.

I think the most amusing thing was to find that Spencer Tracy became so enthusiastic that he found himself owner of a very feathered John-Fredericks hat which set him back \$250 and which George Murphy made him wear the rest of the afternoon! It was truly a delightfully different affair and one which netted this worthy cause a very substantial sum.

That evening many of the guests appeared for the rollicking party for the visiting Larry Rockefellers, which Polly and Leonard (Please turn to page 62)



Jennifer Jones and David O. Selznick joined in the general gaiety. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are one of Hollywood's most attractive and distinguished young couples. Joan Crawford, far left, attended one of the recent parties with Greg Bautzer. Mrs. Wright, pictured in her beautiful Beverly Hills home, also relates Ingrid Bergman's amusing comment on her "Joan of Lorraine" costumes—don't miss it!





Unusual, exclusive action photos especially posed by Bill for our story show the big Westerner practicing fancy rope twirls while astride his horse, Stormy Knight; and, left, demonstrating a lightning-like draw with two revolvers. Republic's star of "The Fabulous Texan" says, "Don't give me fancy dialogue, love scenes, or starched shirts. Just give me horses!"



*Western
but not
Wild*

Below, Bill in two scenes from "The Fabulous Texan": with Patricia Knight (Mrs. Cornel Wilde) and co-star John Carroll.

Once they called him "Wild Bill" Elliott. Now he's starring in Western epics. But he's still wild about horses, shootin', ropin', and his job

By Kate Holliday

SOME years ago, one William Elliott told his astounded agent, "Don't get me any part that hasn't a horse in it!"

At the time, Bill was doing quite all right in drawing room comedies and such, was known to Hollywood as a man who could not only look calm in a top hat and tails but could also read the Noel Coward-ish dialogue which usually brightened up the scenes with a debonair air.

The agent picked himself off the floor, mopped his fevered brow, and started arguing. Our Bill was adamant, however. "Nothing but horses," he said. "No love scenes. No starched shirts. No fancy dialogue. Nothing but horses!"

The agent finally gave in, and his client went on to glory first as "Wild Bill" Elliott, as "Red Ryder," and finally as William Elliott, head man in million-dollar productions at Republic like "The Plainsman and the Lady," "Wyoming," and "The Fabulous Texan." These epics, incidentally, are definitely top-drawer, and prove conclusively that being a Western star is nothing to be sneezed at.

Bill has known that fact for years. He came to Hollywood in the first place, to be exact, for the express purpose of spending his days in a cinema saddle. For he not (Please turn to page 80)



FRED ROBBINS

*Right off the
Record*

For an ample sample of what's
new on wax, Max, cast a
glimmer at F. R.'s list of lacquers.
Ask him, Jim, he knows the
data you want on disks



By FRED ROBBINS

The stars of Hollywood are proud to shine on Freddie's lively show. Here, John Garfield of the current screen smash, "Body and Soul," guests on the Robbins 1280 Club. Fred knows his records like John knows his dramatics, so both boys are in the upper popularity brackets today.

GREETINGS, Gate, it's Nineteen Forty Eight! You got your head on straight? Well, let's percolate!

HEAVENLY!

Gee, a brand new set of twelves! Lots of new leaves to turn over and lots of cookies, too! There'll be a mound of sound during the fresh annum and we'll load you with savvy about each little groove so you'll know which pancakes to tell the man in the jump dump to wrap up. Let's get in business and a happy new one to you, too!

GORDON MacRAE: "A Fellow Needs a Girl," "Body and Soul." Here's how to start off the new one. By applying that sound aid to Gordie's first waffle for Capitol. We used to do the 'Teentimers' show together and Mac's really moving. Been signed by Warner Brothers, hey! On this side Gordie wipes those baritone pipes and sings like never before on record. "Fellow Needs a Girl" is from Rodgers' and Hammerstein's "Allegro"; and the flip is heard all the way through John Garfield's tremendous new picture of the same name. Boy, can that MacRae bray! (Capitol)

DINAH SHORE: Dig those boilers on that "Stanley Steamer." And Mrs. Montgomery's got that Harvard gown firmly belted down with the Modernaires doing the back seat singing. S'from MGM's "Summer Holiday," a cute production number that is really steamin' and beamin'. Jo Stafford and Georgia Gibbs have also been riding the grooves with their veil and duster on that "Stanley Steamer," Jo on Capitol and Ga. in Majestic. Back of Dinah's cookie is "I'm Out to Forget Tonight," Jo's, "When You Got a Man on Your Mind" and Her Nibs, "The One I Love," a fine waxen attraction with Ga. at her jumpin' best! (Columbia)

LOUIS JORDAN: Wherein "stoolpigeon" Louis apologizes to the tender gender for his record of "Beware," saying it did no good anyway 'cause the fellows were too far hooked. So he lays down some advice for the chicks—like "if he tells you you're fetchin' and wants you to see his etchin', 'Look Out,' sister," and "if he tells you you look groovey and wants to put you in a movie, tell him he doesn't look like a movie scout and doesn't even know what it's all about!" Yeah, here comes Mr. Jordan and how! Oodles of laffs and kicks from this fresh slab, and "Look Out" chicken, pay close attention to him! Otherwise you'll have what Louis himself has on the flip—those "Early Mornin' Blues." (Decca)

MARGARET WHITING: "Lazy Countryside," "So Far." Ah, gee but it's fun in, takin' the sun in with my gal Maggie 'round that "Lazy Countryside," or any place else. You can hear the crickets chirp when this Whiting kitten purrs the hit from Walt Disney's "Fun and Fancy Free," to say nil of the flip, "So Far," from "Allegro," which is also recommended for an earache. A lily from a dilly of a filly! (Capitol)

COUNT BASIE: "House Rent Boogie," "Take a Little Off the Top." Watch it! *Voici* the kid from Red Bank, New Jersey, with a powerful avalanche, Blanche, and I do mean of boogie woogie! The brass is biting (Please turn to page 73)



"Thrills of Music" shorts which Robbins makes for Columbia Pictures have caught on. And if you haven't caught one yet, make up for that omission by watching for the latest, starring Claude Thornhill and his orchestra, with Freddie emceeing.



Two gay guests are pretty Marilyn Buford, Miss America of 1946, and well-known dramatic actor Kent Smith, above. Left, Turhan Bey, Eagle Lion's star of "Out of the Blue," looks and listens as ole maestro Robbins illustrates the fine art of platter-spinning.



June Lockhart goes
for the longer hem-
line but not to
extremes. She's in
Eagle Lion's "T-Men"

By Mary
Ellen Martin

Nutra-dyed sheared raccoon
with wide cuffed sleeves. In siz-
es 12-18. At Russeks, New York.
Velvet hat designed by Emme.

New
Lines

Wispy blue marquisette with silver scalloped trimming. By Junior Formal. Jane Engel, New York.



Navy, black, or brown moiré by Babs Junior. Full skirt. Sizes 7-15. D. H. Holmes, New Orleans.

Right, ballerina dress in black moiré. Designed by Arkay Junior. At Bullocks in Pasadena, Calif.



Right, bright plaid coat with detachable hood. Sizes 7-15 from Collegian Modes. At Saks-34th, N. Y.



Write to the manufacturers listed on page 71 for name of store nearest you.



**You'll get your first
glimpse of the good Hollywood
productions in these pages**

When Lizabeth Scott as a nightclub entertainer, Burt Lancaster as a bitter ex-bootlegger just out of prison meet you may expect fireworks, and that's what you'll get in Hal Wallis' new melodrama released by Paramount, "I Walk Alone." Burt and Liz both walked alone—until they met each other. Then, facing page, it was different.

Very first scene still from an important picture you won't be seeing for some time, but we suggest you watch for it because it is worthwhile. With West Point as an actual background for many scenes, "The Long Gray Line" is an exciting drama about the U. S. Military Academy, with popular Alan Ladd (front, center) as a Cadet Captain.



**PHOTO
PREVIEWS**





**MORE
PHOTO
PREVIEWS**

Torrid team! Ida Lupino and Errol Flynn are the lovers in Warner Bros.' "Escape Me Never," based on Margaret Kennedy's memorable novel. Below, battle of the sexes, with Ida and Eleanor Parker the fair antagonists and Errol the prize.





Scoop photos from England, below, show David Niven in his new rôle of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," now in production at the Shepperton Studio. This picturesque drama, in Technicolor, deals with the most romantic episodes in the life of the gay Prince who later became King Charles II. (portrayed, incidentally, by George Sanders in Hollywood's "Forever Amber.") Above, Bob Hope and Signe Hasso run to cover in Paramount's "Where There's Life."





Gossip by Weston East

Here's Hollywood



Mickey Mouse's 20th Anniversary birthday party hosted by Walt Disney was the gala event of the month for the children of movie celebrities—and the stars, too! Part of the happy throng above include Edgar Bergen, with Candice Bergen, Joan Bennett Wanger with Stephanie Wanger, and in the foreground Cheryl Crane, Lana Turner's daughter. For refreshments there was everything kiddies like to eat.

AS OF this writing, Lana Turner isn't going anywhere to meet Tyrone Power. Certainly not to Africa. To the contrary, MGM is sending her to visit key cities where "Green Dolphin Street" is playing.

AT LONG last Van Johnson has "grown up" in the movies. And no one is happier than V. J. himself. He's yearned for good gutsy parts, instead of those cutie-pie rôles that only appealed to the bobby-soxers. Now Van's replaced Robert Walker (who is ill) in Frank Capra's "State of the Union." Ever since the news broke, there's been a complete about-face in Van's fan mail.

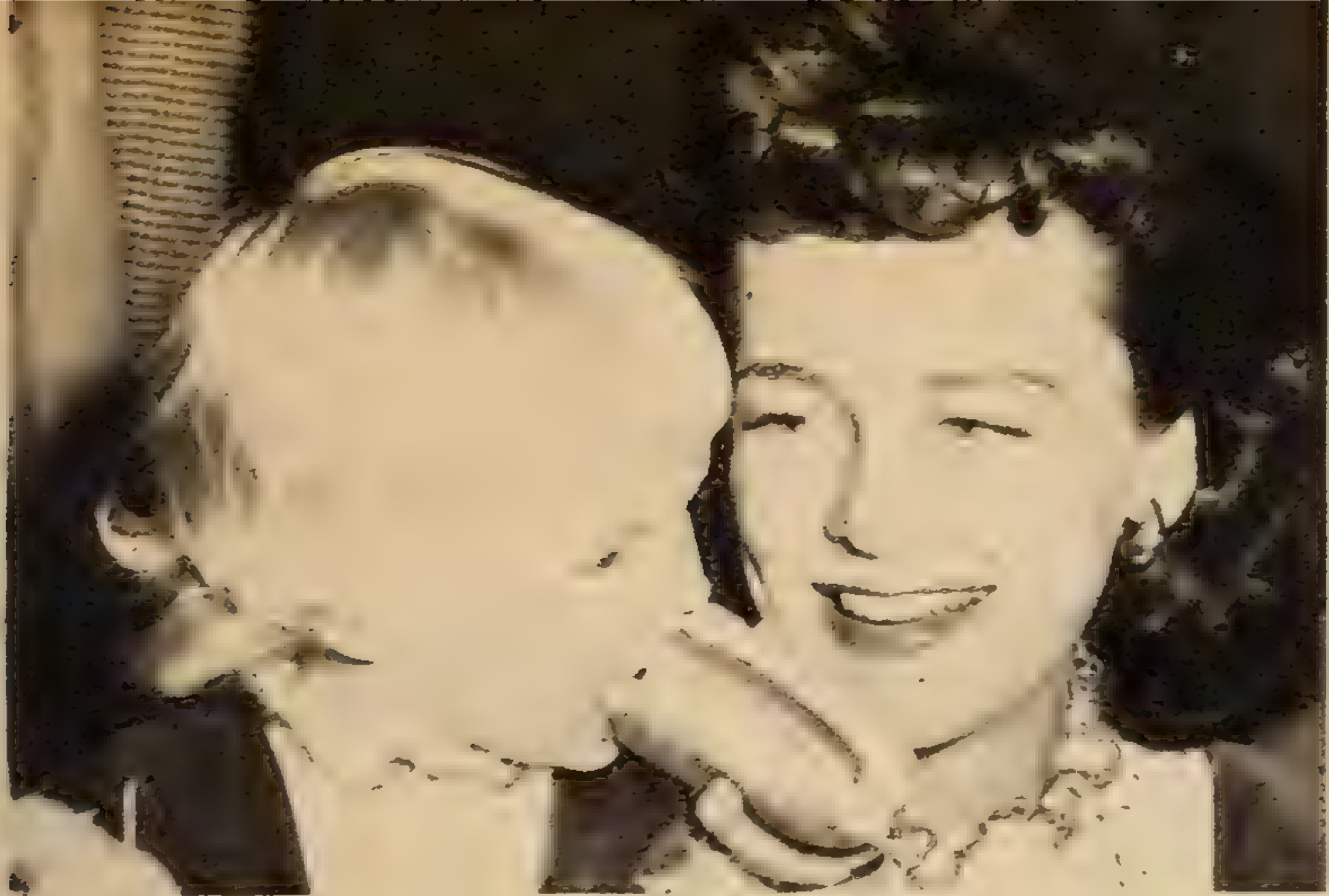
The letters now come from intelligent adults, who welcome the "new" Johnson.

ACCORDING to our number one snooper, Jane Greer and Ed Lasker are already on the stork's waiting list. They're searching for a new home to be ready when they return from South America.

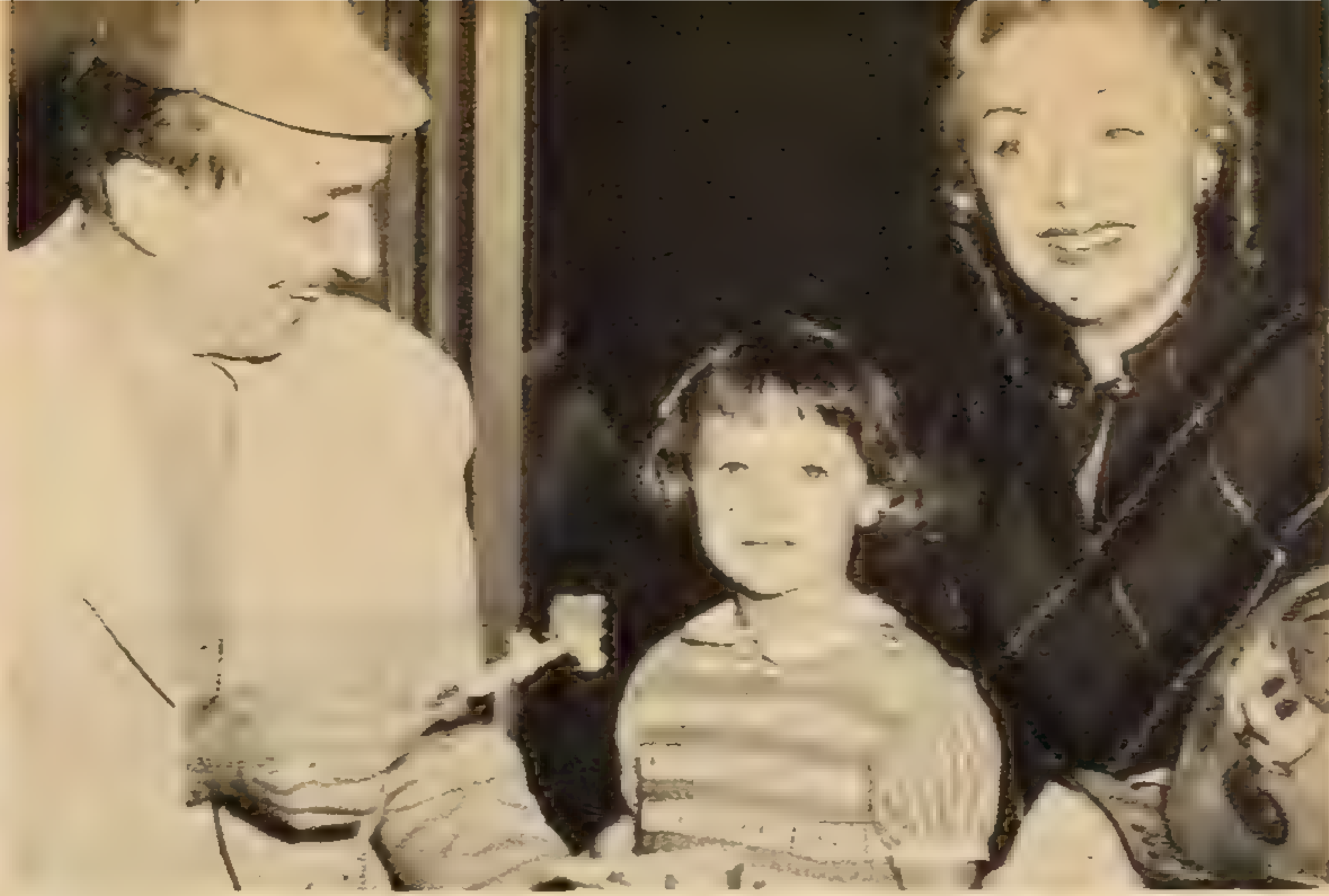
PAULETTE'S back from Paris. Mlle. Goddard, that is. She gifted all the gals on the Paramount lot with fancy Parisian ribboned garters, but with those long skirts and that "new look," who'll get to see 'em? It looks like "Hazard" will be Paulette's next on her

home lot. She may also do "Anna Lucasta" for Columbia if Joan Crawford doesn't get the rôle. It's been Joanie's dream ever since she saw the play.

YES, Errol Flynn has mellowed. They were shooting a balcony scene for "The Adventures of Don Juan," where he was pouring his heart out to Viveca Lindfors. Because it was a long shot, the dialogue was to be dubbed-in later. However, those sugar-coated words you'll be hearing when you see the picture will be a far cry from what the great lover was actually saying. He was enthusing about those two new teeth, belonging to his six-months-old daughter, Rory.



After the special showing of "Fun and Fancy Free" comes the refreshments. Mrs. Edgar Bergen watches daughter enjoy hot dog.



Walt Disney, the host, has fun too serving cake to Virginia Field Douglas' daughter, Maggie, among the 400 children who attended.



The Paul Henreids with daughter Mimie among the 600 guests watch the important event of cutting one of the Mickey Mouse cakes.



Joan Bennett's daughter Stephanie and Virginia Field's daughter Maggie put on best faces for camera but closed their eyes.



Eddie Bracken, with Luana Patten and Bobby Driscoll, present door prize—a wrist watch—to Jonathan Peck. Below, Eddie and Judith Bracken.



Luana's and Bobby's eyes bulge at Mickey Mouse's 20 birthday cakes! Below, Dan Duryea and sons with Charlie and Edgar Bergen.





On location with the 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Ballad of Furnace Creek," Victor Mature discusses movie "business" with Glenn Langan. Below, Dana Andrews and director Henry King confer on "Deep Water" location in Maine.



"Windy City" citizens are treated to a Hollywood show, when Jimmy Stewart and Director Henry Hathaway (at far right) arrive in Chicago to film "Northside 777" in actual locations.

MARK Stevens managed to complete his final scene in "The Snake Pit" and then collapsed from nervous exhaustion. While he convalesced in the hospital, he had his first real chance to "take stock." Result; Mark realized he was more in love with his wife than ever. The Hedy Lamarr episode was merely a romantic interlude. When Annelle Stevens saw how badly Mark wanted to come home, she agreed to a reconciliation. Upon completion of "Street with No Name," the Stevens' are going to Mexico on a second honeymoon.

HEPBURN'S in and Colbert's out of "State of the Union." No one works harder than Claudette, but for many years it's been understood she quits at five. Director Frank Capra wanted her to stay on until six. There was no fuss, no temperament; Claudette



First picture of the Mark Stevens, above, after their reconciliation! Let's all toast their happy future! At right above, six-weeks-old newcomer is Dan Dailey, III. Papa, II, finds him "nice to come home to" after work in "You Were Meant for Me."



Union." It's her first "dress-up" rôle and she's really thrilled with her gowns by Irene. Peter sent Angela a gold St. Christopher medal on a thin neck chain, as a "happy picture present."

OVER at Columbia they're so enthused about a new actress named Terry Moore she'll get *no* publicity! Yes, that's what the man said! They think the public will do a better job of discovering Terry. Therefore, nothing was printed about her first day on "The Return of October." Columbia gave her the big lead opposite Glenn Ford.

LOOKS like MGM dancers are jinxed! The day Cyd Charisse had her leg-cast removed, Gene Kelly had one put on his leg. He was home, practising one of his "Easter Parade" routines, when he slipped and broke his ankle for the third time. Fred Astaire comes out of retirement to pinch-hit for Gene.

BECAUSE he was needed for night scenes in "Hills of Home," Tom Drake had to cancel a dinner date with Beverly Tyler. Then at the last minute she got an excited phone call. "I can make it after all," beamed Tom. "'Lassie' sprained her paw, so they had to let her go home early!"

just withdrew from all stepped right and was CIA


just thinking," he sighed, "when I shaved myself at five o'clock this morning, how much that face in the mirror resembled one of those porkers!"

THAT moustache walking down the Sunset Strip with Mickey Rooney behind it was really something. Added to the picture was the crew haircut that Mick sports in "Killer McCoy." The Rooneys are temporarily settled in a furnished apartment and all's well that ends well.

AFTER six months of inactivity, Angela Lansbury drove all the way to New York to get herself a stage job. And, incidentally, to visit Peter Shaw, who is also trying to crash Broadway. The day Angela arrived, the studio wired her to fly right back home for "State of the

Because it offers Lana Turner her most dramatic rôle, which she plays with surprising distinction; because it is a faithful picturization of a best-seller which retains all the best qualities of the original; because it has been produced by MCM's Carey Wilson with authority, skill, and imagination, and directed by Victor Saville with equal understanding—"Green Dolphin Street" is your movie "Must" of the month. Donna Reed, Richard Hart, and Van Heflin are added inducements in important, colorful rôles.

If you want to
see a romantic
motion picture
with all the
flavor and
fascination
of an
absorbing novel,
don't miss
this!



SCREENLAND
Salutes
Green
Dolphin
Street

SCREEN Tests

★ By ALMA TALLEY ★

PARTIAL DEFINITIONS

Below is a list of definitions. Each of them defines a word which forms PART of the last name of a movie star. For instance: Fair-haired..... BLONDell. How many others can you guess?



- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Uncooked | 8. Piquant |
| 2. Value | 9. A row |
| 3. Step | 10. Kind of tree |
| 4. Deface | 11. Country mansion |
| 5. Cutting tool | 12. Shanty |
| 6. Determine the total | 13. Pay a visit |
| 7. Common bird | 14. To mend |

PICTURES AND STARS

In the column at left below is a list of titles—all mixed up—of movies current in the past few months. Opposite each of them is the mixed-up name of one of the stars who played in it. How many can you untangle?



- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. TRUTHS CHEEKS..... | ELGAR BLACK |
| 2. DESOPSESS..... | WANDA JORFCOR |
| 3. WOOD AN THRET..... | THORA WHARITY |
| 4. WATER THE HIFFLI..... | NEDI NURENE |
| 5. SHOT IF ASKED..... | TOM CARUTIVER |
| 6. FORRESICS..... | TOBY GURRONE |
| 7. SEEM DIRE..... | AGNES GORRER |
| 8. WHITHER GOEST MORT..... | ABBE TRYGELT |
| 9. MERGETONE CRAWLS..... | GIBSON CRYB |
| 10. ARGAD SPEAKS..... | ARTHUR GOPHEMBY |

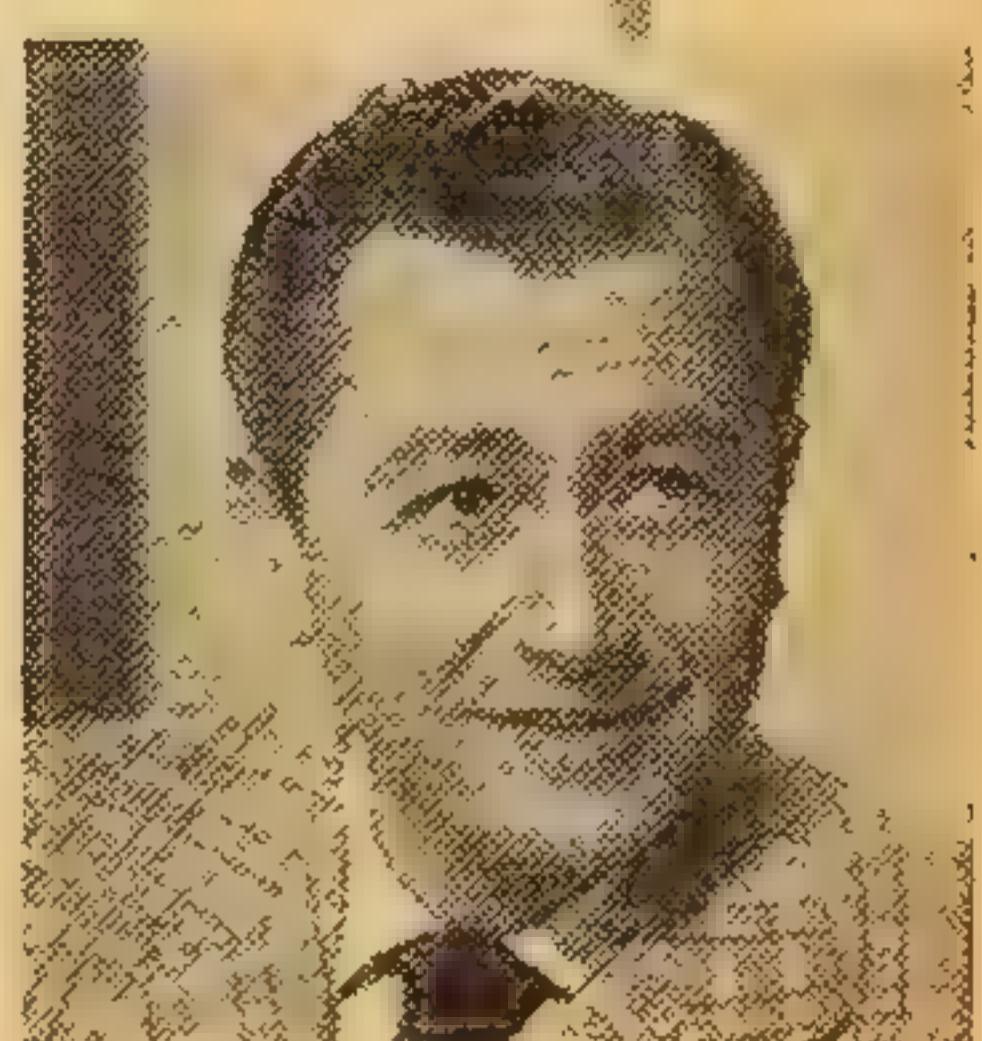
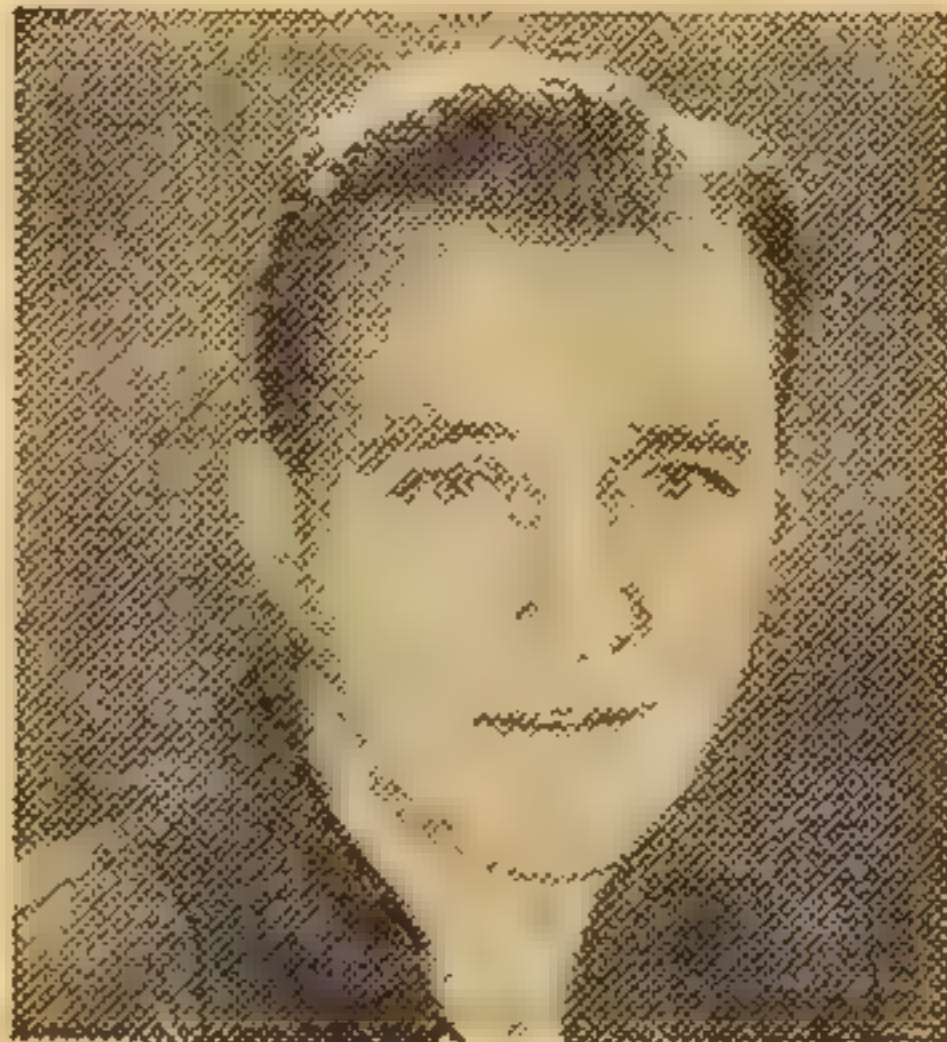
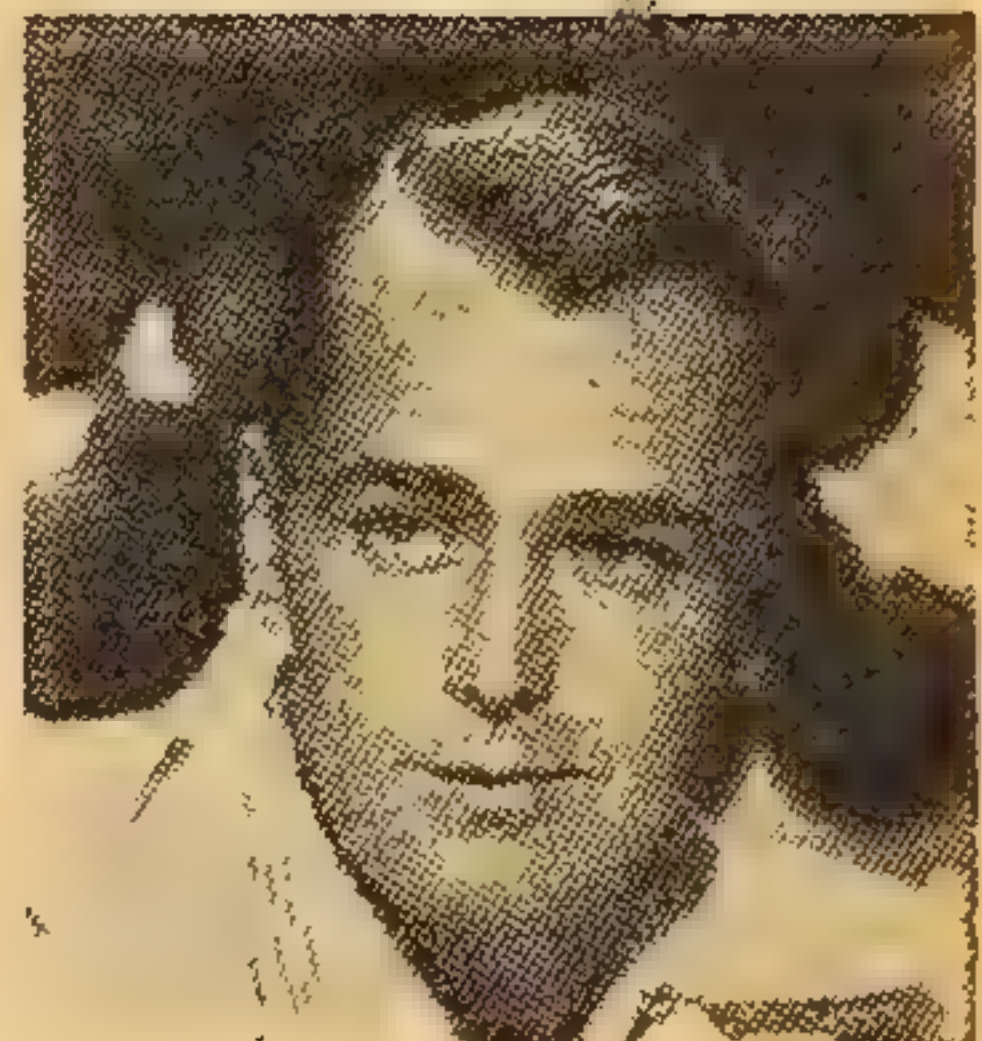
SECOND LOOK

In each of the sentences below you will find the last name of a well-known movie player. For instance: He kept his mind sHUT TO New ideas. How many others can you find?



1. He answered the phone and the operator said, "Cuba calling."
2. Mary forgot to order sugar so nobody in the house had any in their coffee.
3. The sun threw slanting rays on the mountainside, throwing shadows among the trees.
4. All night he tossed about on the cot, tentatively planning for the future.
5. Far in the distance a bell tolled.
6. Since Washington society is ruled by protocol, many hostesses have to consult the State Department for seating dinner parties.
7. Everyone told Anna her new dress looked lovely on her.
8. When the check finally came, it all added up to an appalling sum.
9. Getting to work on the debris, he gathered it all up in one large basket.
10. Ransacking the murder house, he ran across other new and important bits of evidence.

Answers on page 66



It's the New Look!



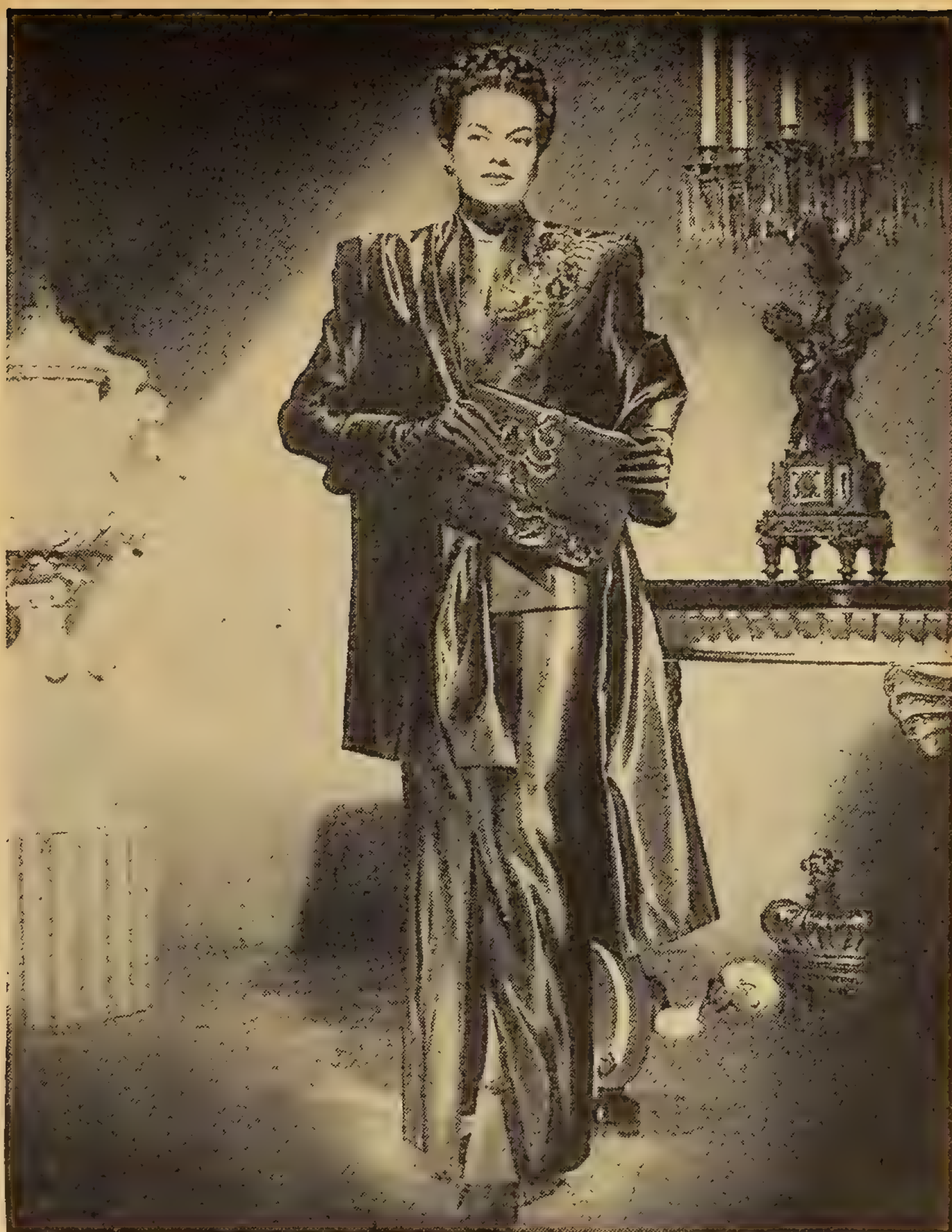
First of the new
fashions by a Hollywood
designer, Milo Anderson,
modeled by Janis
Paige, star of Warners'
"Romance in High C"

All new! New length; new, round-curved hipline sideswept in apron effect; new twisted turban. Janis Paige wears this black satin dress-up ensemble.

Photos by Morgan



Milo Anderson created this peppermint pink satin, accordion sunburst-pleated negligée, with Grecian lines and back interest in blouse effect.



Janis Paige is a Technicolor picture in bronze slipper satin dinner suit, with pencil-slim skirt slit almost knee-high, tailored jacket embroidered in bronze and gold sequins. Gloves, stole, and handbag match.



Swamp green is used for dressmaker suit worn by Janis Paige, with felt off-the-face hat.



Mink cloth in mocha has slim slit skirt, jacket tied with spaghetti loops; topped by jaunty hat.



Milo Anderson's "any hour" dress has tiered skirt of new length. Sleeves are short for jersey gloves.



ARTURO Gets Around

All in the course of one picture, Eagle Lion's "Adventures of Casanova," Arturo de Cordova is kept busy making love. The "Juliet" on the balcony, left, is the same proud beauty below, Lucille Bremer.



Inside Hollywood's Social Circle

Continued from page 42

Firestone gave. The reason this was so much fun was because we all started a four-way contrapuntal table-singing contest. Walter Pidgeon led one table, June Allyson another, George Murphy a third, and I the fourth. The Edgar Bergens, the Kay Kysers, Dick Powell—everyone joined in the series of rounds and old favorite songs and if there was a lot of close harmony, it was because it was all among close friends. It may sound a little boisterous, but it proved to be a wonderful way to get a party started, and Larry and Polly Rockefeller told me that they couldn't remember when they had had such a good time.

Of course, while movies are uppermost, the stars and their friends love to attend the legitimate theater, and the opening of a good play always brings out a scintillating array of top film players. No exception was the recent opening of Charlotte Greenwood in "I Remember Mama" at the Biltmore. Charlotte is my great friend and I was so delighted for her sake to witness the ovation which screenland gave for her fine performance. As Van Johnson said to me, "It's particularly amazing, because Charlotte has been associated with comedy rôles for so long. To see her handle a serious rôle with such deep understanding is terrific."

Afterward Van, Evie and I went backstage to congratulate Charlotte, and we found her dressing-room simply filled with American Beauty roses which Irene Dunne had sent with a little note saying, "From one 'Mama' to another. Best wishes. Irene." You see, Irene is playing *Mama* in the film version and this was one of those typical gracious Dunne gestures which endears her so to everyone. Charlotte was particularly touched.

On the musical side there have been a number of parties this past month, and

two, at least, I would say were outstanding. First was the outdoor concert and party which Atwater Kent gave for the Peter Meremblum Junior Symphony Orchestra. This orchestra made up of young people is one of Hollywood's most interesting organizations and really is devoted to the development of young musical talent. There are over one hundred members and they play with a finish that would be creditable to many a leading symphony orchestra. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon and Mr. Kent had arranged chairs for the audience on the lawn of his great estate, Capo di Monte, which overlooks all of Hollywood and Beverly Hills all the way to the sea.

It was a heavenly experience to listen to that beautiful Glazounov Symphony and watch that ever-fascinating view of wonderland.

One thing that I liked about the afternoon was that when the concert was over, the youngsters were invited to dance, have sandwiches, cokes and meet the movie stars. They cleared the terrace and brought out hundreds of helium-filled balloons which the youngsters floated off into the mountain sunset. I caught sight of Virginia Mayo, looking adorable in a feathered poke-bonnet and a dove-grey afternoon dress, giving a 13-year-old member of the cello section the thrill of his lifetime by asking him to waltz. Dale Carnegie was around making friends and influencing the youthful artists to have a good time. Jo Stafford, Paul Weston, Marian Carr, Walter Pidgeon, Eddie Bracken, handsome Michael North and Jean Hersholt spent most of their time helping members of the orchestra fill their autograph books. After the young people left, we all sat down to a champagne and candlelight supper on the terrace. It all proved that there isn't any

age limit to a party, because the adults had just as much fun as the youngsters.

In a much more formal vein, but equally memorable, was the reception tea and cocktail party which my friend, Mrs. Peter N. Rathvon, wife of the president of RKO, gave in honor of director Eugene Ormandy and pianist Artur Rubinstein, both of whom are featured in the new picture, "Night Song," which co-stars Dana Andrews and Merle Oberon. [Editor's Note: "Night Song" is presented in exclusive novelized version in the next issue of SCREENLAND.]

Jeanette MacDonald and I were deeply honored to act as assistant hostesses for the occasion, because practically all of Hollywood society turned out, and everyone was amused by the energetic Rubinstein, who loves to tell droll stories, mostly on himself.

Rosalind Russell, Myrna Loy, Gene Raymond, Jane Greer, Anne Jeffreys, Brian Aherne, Adolphe Menjou and a host of others all came to meet the two artists. Rubinstein and Oscar Levant played an impromptu duet and Ezio Pinza sang one of the latest songs by the famous Italian composer, Montemezzi, who was also present.

One very amusing thing happened. I saw Ingrid Bergman, who seldom goes to parties, there with her husband, and stopped to chat. When I asked her how she liked her rôle in "Joan of Lorraine," she said, "I love every moment of it, except when I have to put on that aluminum armor. Cobina, why didn't they have zippers in the 15th century?"

At few parties have I seen such a galaxy of noted artists, painters, distinguished musicians, producers and studio executives.



Noreen Nash, above, coolly considers his smooth approach, but below, she's at his—and the script's—mercy! At right, Casanova wields a wicked knife, too, when occasion demands.



Of course, not all gatherings are planned affairs. The other night we had a "party" quite by accident. Lady Thelma Furness, my protégée, handsome young Wray Davis, and I were having dinner together at Chanteclair. It seemed to be one of those evenings when everyone else decided to have dinner there, too. No sooner was dinner over when the various groups began to get together. It was a night for glamorous table-hopping and we all literally took over the restaurant for the night.

Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett sent a note of welcome wrapped around a bottle of champagne to Gene Tierney, who in turn poured a toast for Greer Garson and Otto Preminger. They invited Jennifer Jones and David Selznick to join them and Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer dropped by, so that, short-



ly, everyone joined in just as though it had been a planned evening. It was this spirit of spontaneity which made it doubly fun.

The Maharajah of Cooch-Behar provided a royal escort for Virginia Fields to the stunning party which Connie Moore and her husband, Johnny Marchio, gave for Orson Welles and his house guest, Claude Terrail, of Paris. Valli, Cary Grant, the Richard Greenes, George Montgomery and Dinah Shore, Norma Shearer and Martin Arrouge, Diana Lynn and the Paul McNamaras all showed up to greet Orson and his friend.

I found Diana at the canapé table sampling one of those delicious mushroom canapés that are becoming all the rage with stellar appetites. They are like little mushroom tarts with the mushroom sauce, seasoned with garlic salt, baked right in tiny pastry shells. Between bites, Diana confided that she doesn't plan to marry wealthy young oil man, Bob Neal, or anybody else right now. So, gentlemen, there's still hope!

I asked the Maharajah how he liked Hollywood and he said it had made such an impression on him that when he returned to India he was going to have all the royal elephants equipped with convertible howdahs!

The next afternoon I dropped into the American Room of the Brown Derby to find out just why Gracie Allen was giving a cocktail party to which I had been mysteriously invited. I found out that it was a cocktail party being given for a dress!

Gracie said that she was going as crazy as George Burns claims she is, trying to figure out what to do about the new hemline. So she solved the problem by having Edith Head design her an afternoon gown-cocktail gown which is long in front and short in the back. Gracie explained it this way: "You see, Cobina, it says 'hello' to the new fashion in front and 'goodbye' to the old style when you turn to go." Now, you know, there's no

copying with Gracie's wonderful reasoning, even when she isn't on the air!

Mary Pickford, Buddy Rogers and I flew up to San Francisco for the opening of the opera, an event which brought a number of stars up to the Bay City. We had a wonderful time, but had to get back for the Jimmy Pendleton party, because when the Pendletons give a party, it's just something you don't want to miss. This time the occasion was the 15th wedding anniversary of the Pendletons and naturally the whole scheme of décor was in crystal.

In the center of the pool was a large pagoda covered with thousands of tiny pieces of glittering crystal and in the center, under the crystal canopy, was a white figure holding a crystal bowl filled with white flowers. White flowers floated in the pool and the walks from the edges of the pool were carpeted with lemon leaves and gardenias. Woven cellophane covered the tables and the centerpieces were of crystal leaves and silver grapes, while the whole garden was lit by hundreds of tiny crystal vigil lights. It was one of the most breath-taking sights I have ever seen. Sonja Henie, who gives lavish parties herself, said that she could hardly believe her eyes.

But there was an amusing story behind that glittering scene. Lon McCallister helped with the party preparations until it was too late to go home to dress, so he sent home for his clothes and dressed in the pool house. Suddenly he realized that they hadn't brought him a tuxedo shirt, so dressed in just trousers, he dashed into the house to telephone.

But it was too late. In the living room were Virginia Bruce, Janet Gaynor and Adrian, the Maharajah of Cooch-Behar, Gladys and Edward G. Robinson and Clifton Webb.

Webb took one look at the embarrassed Lon, standing there in suspenders, with bare feet showing, and said archly: "Oh, Lonnie, so you *did* decide to come formal after all!"

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

"AMBASSADOR" TY

\$1.00

It is thrilling to read of Tyrone Power's big trip of 30,000 miles via airplane across the continent of Africa. It is also unusual for a famous movie star to be taking such a hazardous journey virtually unescorted. This is really a fine thing—the kind of trip that will not only endear Ty to many thousands more but will help to bring greater acclaim to the movie colony, because it is different from the usual star's "prestige trip" surrounded by glamor, servants, and luxury. And what's more, we know that Ty will go through with it all the way, because that's the kind of a fellow he is. The United States could use more ambassadors of goodwill like Ty! We here in Cincinnati have always been extra proud of Ty, and not without reason. Let's all wish him a successful trip and a roaring welcome home!

NAT RUTHERFORD, Cincinnati, Ohio

HEART-THROB AT FORTY

\$1.00

It takes the movies to show and prove that life begins at forty! When Clark Gable, at forty-seven, can still make the female heart throb—then, brother, thank the Lord that movies were born! Yes, sir, the screen has given the black-eye to the age-old theory that one who is passed forty is a "Dead Dodo." When Sydney Greenstreet, a great character actor, could make a screen debut at *sixty-two*, then every man and woman should be thankful for the wonderful super lesson given by the movie industry—the lesson that you are as old as you allow yourself to be. The biggest box-office pulls are the actors and actresses who have passed their forties,

RAYMOND J. ROSS, Bridgeport, Conn.

EMOTIONAL CLOSEUPS

\$1.00

After savoring the delights of SCREENLAND's story about fabulous "French-sational" Jean Pierre Aumont, I was shocked by the letter of a Miss Smith in Fans' Forum. Miss Smith, excoriating the close-up when used as an emotional medium sans action or dialogue, chose to criticize Jean Pierre as one star whose physiognomy in closeups had annoyed her. Am I permitted a rebuttal to that unfair singling out of a very fine actor and even finer gentleman? Why anyone should object to the sculptured dignity of the Aumont features confounds me. As a matter of fact, his closeups in recent films have been negligible in comparison to the amount given green kids who mushroomed to stardom despite their "dead pan" opaqueness. As an Aumont admirer, I am grateful that the war sent him back with that face untouched save by an additional strength and seriousness.

Recall the last scene of "Assignment in Brittany." Pierre, an espionage agent, having reached the safety of a Commando vessel, looked back at burning Nazi installations on the distant French shore. Turning, he found his sweetheart, lovely Susan Peters, there. In a huge closeup, surprise, joy, relief were delicately expressed by his features. Twenty pages of dialogue and action could not have told so much!

So, Miss Smith, why begrudge an artist of the screen his share of closeups? There is more "action" in the changing expression

of a face than in a thousand scenes of cowboys and Indians or the ilk.

KAY MCGOWAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOP MEASURE

\$1.00

There have been some exciting actresses in Hollywood—Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Margaret Sullavan, Marlene Dietrich. The current top femmes don't measure up at all. There is one exception however, and it's Eleanor Parker.

Miss Parker has the most interesting and exciting voice since Margaret Sullavan, and I suppose what I like most about her is that she does not look like an actress but someone you might know. She's been handed some rather colorless assignments at Warners, but I have yet to see her turn in anything but a flawless and convincing performance. Even in that horrible remake of "Of Human Bondage," she gave an entirely different portrayal of *Mildred* than Bette Davis did and one which I think was much closer to the Maugham idea of the character.

I'm really looking forward to seeing Miss Parker in "The Voice of the Turtle." The casting in this film (Eleanor Parker, Ronald Regan and Eve Arden) is surely the most inspired of the year. If the film is as good as it should be and Miss Parker turns in her usual performance, it will certainly make her.

DAVID A. POWERS, New York, N. Y.

"THANK YOU!"

\$1.00

Please accept my sincere congratulations for illustrating the "Blessed Event" clothes

on a star who really is expecting!

One of my pet peeves is having the slim, willowy girls with their neat, trim figures model maternity dresses. Certainly they'd look pretty then. What mothers-to-be want to know is how they are going to appear in the last few months, and this SCREENLAND has pictured.

I'd like to add that Miss Nash is an extremely pretty "Lady-in-Waiting."

MRS. DOLORES HARRIS, Detroit 8, Mich.

CASTING SUGGESTIONS

Honorable Mention

Delores Gusky, Yeadon, Pa.: We all remember Shirley Temple's most enjoyable performance as *Heidi*. Why can't she make a sequel, "*Heidi's Children*"? And who would be more perfect as her husband, Peter, than handsome John Agar, her real life husband?

Ann Harrod, Long Beach, Miss.: My friends and I think Patricia Knight should play the part of Jean Harlow. She is very beautiful and needs a break in movies.

Eleanor Dahlquist, Medford, Mass.: Since I saw "*Fiesta*" I can't help thinking that Ricardo Montalban would be perfect to play the rôle of Rudolph Valentino.

Mrs. Donald Winters, Albany, N. Y.: I saw some pictures of Noreen Nash in a recent issue of SCREENLAND, and couldn't help noticing how much Noreen Nash resembled Jean Harlow. All she needs is platinum hair and I'm sure others could see the close resemblance as I see it.

Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.: I was glad to read that Hollywood is planning to produce the life of Mrs. FDR. If it is well done, the picture should be both charming and interesting. Katharine Hepburn, with her plain, "intelligent" beauty and crisp manner, would be a "natural" in the rôle.

"Good News"

Continued from page 37

who clogs her conversation with French adjectives, not to speak of adverbs, nouns and verbs until you're ready to scream from sheer exhaustion. So we'd pretty well finished when Liz rushed in holding up one of the snazziest evening dresses those tired old eyes have ever been compelled to stare at.

"Hey, Connie," she called, which wasn't particularly surprising since that's the kind of girl Connie is, always there when you need her, which happened to be under the sink at the moment. It had sprung a leak, and of course it was Connie who was fixing it. "Connie," Liz wailed again, squatting down beside her, "you know what that Pat McClellan asked me to do? Sew some beads on her dress."

"She did!" Connie's voice drifted indignantly out to us. "Who does she think she is, Marie Antoinette? Hand me that wrench, will you, somebody?"

The somebody happened to be Flo who was closest to it. She frowned as she picked it up. "I smelled trouble as soon as I laid eyes on that snob," she said darkly. "Didn't you, Babe?"

Babe is me. Babe Doolittle, if you want to be formal. But before I had a chance to answer, Liz cut in ahead of me. "Connie, maybe you can say something to her?"

"I know what I'd like to say!" Connie scrambled out from under the sink, her

eyes widening as she saw the dress. "Is this it? Holy smoke! It's the cat's, all right. Where does it need fixing?"

"It doesn't, any more," Liz confessed. "I fixed it."

"You didn't!" we all cried at once, and even though the blush was commonly supposed to have departed this earth when we flappers took over, Liz proved it wasn't completely extinct as yet.

"Well," she said defensively, "I'd done it already before I remembered to get mad."

Connie waited only long enough to wipe her hands and made a grab for it. "Maybe I'd better have a talk with Miss McClellan," she said, starting for the door.

But she didn't get away as easily as all that, not with Mrs. Drexel, our house mother, wanting her to taste the punch she was mixing and Daisy asking if there were enough sandwiches. For it wasn't enough that Connie was working her way through college by acting as library assistant and tutoring backward scholars. The way the rest of us depended on her it was a wonder she found the time to get her lessons done, much less to be the honor student she was.

"Mmmmm, it's perfect, Mrs. Drexel," Connie's eyes were counting the sandwiches even before she was through tasting the punch. "No, Daisy, after today's work-out that'll just about take care of

the substitutes. There's another whole turkey in the ice box."

Flo hailed her then. "What about the sink?"

"It's fixed," Connie said. By the look in her eye I could see that she was going to do just as good a job on Pat. So always having been a sucker for fireworks I scampered right after her. And I was glad I did. For I wouldn't have missed that sweet little tableau we saw through the open door for anything, except maybe a date with Bobby Turner.

For there was Pat standing in front of her mirror, kissing her own reflection as rapturously as though her lips were pressed against Rudolph Valentino's. Her eyes were closed, but as we stood there staring she opened them a little and gazed ardently at herself. "Ummmmm, you wonderful creature!" she whispered ecstatically, and had to give herself another kiss before she could go on. "Why does everyone love you?" she crooned. "Why are you so divine and clever and popular?"

I just stood there stunned. But Connie gave that throaty little giggle of hers. "Gee," she said, "I wish somebody loved me the way you love you!"

Pat whirled around. "Why Connie Lane," she said in a voice that said Connie really should know better than to take her seriously. Only she didn't fool either of us for a minute. "You know I was only kidding, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"It sounded like true love to me," Connie said. "Here's that burlap bag you wanted fixed."

Then even Connie found herself out of her depth for once. For as Pat took that swirling armful of white chiffon and brilliants, throwing *mercis* around as if they were confetti, Connie just looked at her in that exasperated way and left without telling her off as she had planned.

The girl was smart, though—Pat, I mean. You had to hand her that. For though I've seen many of my sex fish for information I never saw it done as expertly as she did it that evening when we were dressing for the party. And of course it had to be me who gave her the data she wanted. But how could I know she had anything ulterior in mind when she asked us to tell her a little about the boys who were coming so she wouldn't feel such a complete stranger?

Of course Tommy Marlowe was the first one we mentioned. Didn't he have every girl in college swooning over him?—every girl but Connie and me, that is. For Connie was too busy to bother with any of the boys and me, well, I'd just awakened to the fact that I was madly, desperately in love with the aforementioned Bobby, who *wasn't* tall and handsome and brawny like Tommy, who besides having everything else was our star football player, too. If it wasn't that Bobby happened to be Tommy's best friend and room-mate he wouldn't even have had the dismal honor of making the scrub team.

Yes, I have to admit it, Bobby was rather on the undersized side, but I didn't care. I loved him, and from the glances he threw my way when no one was looking I knew he felt the same way about me. Only he didn't dare show

it, because Beef MacGowan had decided I was his girl, and Beef lived up to his nickname. He was all brawn and, well, I guess Bobby didn't want to die young, even for me.

But enough of my troubles. We were talking about Pat and the clever way she was getting information from the rest of us. We went right down the line to Peter Van Dyne, III, who'd always come last on any girl's roll call. But Pat perked up at the name.

"What an aristocratic-sounding name!" she said, with the first real animation she'd shown yet.

"Maybe," Flo agreed grudgingly. "But he's such a drip."

That's where I rushed in, telling Pat exactly what she wanted to know. "For twenty-five million, let me drip," I said, grabbing for a laugh.

But though a couple of the girls came through, Pat didn't even smile. Her eyes had the same look I've seen my father's get when he's planning an important business deal. "You mean to say he's not an attractive boy?" she said in that offhand way which didn't fool me for a minute.

"Attractive?" I exploded. "That boy is the twerpiest wet smack of all time."

Pat shrugged. "*Quel fromage!*" she said in that same offhand way. And then as Connie gave her that questioning look, she explained gently, "That's 'what a pity' in French."

"Oh, you mean '*quel dommage*,'" Connie, who happened to be majoring in French, corrected her without thinking. For if there's one thing Connie *isn't*, it's a cat. "*Fromage* means cheese. *Quel fromage*, what cheese."

Everybody laughed, and Pat looked daggers, and I just couldn't resist sticking another pin into her. "'Scuse me, girls," I said making my exit. "I gotta make some ham and *dommage* sandwiches."

Only the laugh turned out to be on me. For as I went down the stairs there was Beef coming through the front door, and as usual he made a grab for me, hugging me so hard I couldn't breathe. And just then Bobby came in and, well, I couldn't resist just that one little glance.

"You don't love anyone else but me, do you?" Beef demanded, shifting his arms a little so that now he held me only by a mere strangle hold.

"Oh, of course not, Beef," I said quickly, for who is a five-foot-oner like me to go against one whose strength was as the strength of ten, as the poet has it? But the way Beef was glaring at Bobby I knew he had seen the interest in my girlish eyes, and I didn't want Bobby to get in trouble either. So remembering that Beef had added psychology to his curriculum that year—why I shall never know as Beef isn't the heavyweight mentally that he is physically—I decided to appeal to his ego. "I guess I'm just sort of like that psychology thing you were telling me about. I'm a split personality."

But Beef wasn't in the mood even for flattery. "Anyone who comes near you will be a split personality!" he said darkly.

No one ever took an exit cue quicker than Bobby took that one. But just as

I managed to tear away from Beef so I could go after him I saw the crowd blocking my way. Two crowds rather, for one of them was the masculine group at the foot of the stairs waiting for Pat to come down, and the other was the feminine one surrounding Tommy Marlowe.

"Tommy!" they were all shouting in unison. "Where you been, Tommy? Why are you so late, Tommy?" And of course Tommy was taking it all as his due. After all, a boy can't be so sought after without getting a little sure of himself.

"Now, now, girls, don't rush me," he grinned. "By the way, where's this glorious creature the boys have been talking about? I gotta give her the once-over."

"Uh-uh," one of the stags muttered disgustedly, "we can all go home. Marlowe's here."

"Thanks," Tommy grinned, straightening his tie. "Well, well, it's quite a turnout. If this show isn't worth it, I'm gonna want my money back." And then as someone laughed Tommy leaped up on the stairs and began waving his arms as if he were a barker in a sideshow. "Step up, step up, folks!" he twisted his mouth grotesquely and I have to admit he was pretty good. "You are about to witness one of nature's marvels—Patricia McClellan, the female form dee-vine! Jungle potentates fought for one smile from her cru-elle lips—"

That was as far as he got, for there was the luscious Pat herself sweeping down the stairs, the grand entrance she had planned spoiled a little by the fury in her eyes. Mrs. Drexel came over quickly thinking there might be a scene and began introducing the boys to her.

Tommy couldn't stand it, being just one of the mob, so he shouldered his way towards her. "And I'm Tommy Marlowe," he said confidently.

Pat looked at him coldly. "That was a charming speech, Mr. Marlowe. You've obviously spent most of your life in a freak show."

A funny thing happened then, for there was Tommy whose attitude with girls had been strictly the take 'em or leave 'em technique, actually falling all over himself in his anxiety to make amends. "I was only kidding," he pleaded. "You're terrific! I'll tell you more about it while we dance."

He might just as well not have been there. For as Pat turned haughtily away, Mrs. Drexel introduced Peter Van Dyne.

"Oh!" Pat gushed, her voice heavy with the English accent she'd substituted for the usual French phrases. "Mr. Van Dyne the *third*! I've heard so much about you."

And without another glance at anyone she took him by the arm and swept gaily into the living room where the phonograph was obligingly playing *Lucky in Love*, which was just about the perfect song for her moment of triumph.

It was anything but for Tommy. Perfect, I mean. It was the first time in the memory of the student body anyone had seen him sulk. That is, he sulked at first. Then he looked so despondent that even the usual insensitive Beef took pity on him. And since Beef was taking up

psychology, it was only natural he attacked Tommy's problem from that angle.

"The trouble is," he said sagely, "that girl's erudite. So you gotta be erudite too. Did you get a load of that *parlez-vous* she slings around?"

"Yeah?" Tommy glared over at Pat dancing blissfully in Peter Van Dyne the third's arms. "Well, I'm gonna give her that *parlez-vous* right back again."

So that was how Tommy began studying in the library after classes with Connie tutoring him, for his French certainly needed brushing up. Pooch, the football coach, got so worried when he saw how seriously his star player was taking his lessons, even to missing a couple of practice games, that he went up to the library to escort him personally to the field. But Tommy only looked at him dreamily and spouted a flow of French which left Pooch agonized.

"Gee, it comes naturally to me," Tommy grinned. "I been in the class five days and I speak like a native. I don't know of what country, but like a native."

"Comes easy, huh?" Pooch grumbled. "Think your *parlez-vous* is gonna charm Crenshaw off the field tomorrow?"

"I don't know about that," Tommy sighed. "But it's gonna charm McClellan into coming to the prom with me tomorrow night."

There was a rattling din then that sounded as if a bull had gotten loose in a hardware store, but it sounded like music to me. And as I ran to the window and stared ecstatically there was Bobby's old jalopy coming around the corner on two wheels. "Hey, Tommy!" he called excitedly even before the car stopped. "I found her. She's at Gimpeldinger's having a soda with Van Dyne."

"Keep the engine boiling," Tommy ordered. "I'll be right down."

But I got there ahead of him and scrambled into Bobby's car, for I certainly wasn't going to miss an opportunity like this. Then even my heart quailed as I saw Beef dashing down the steps with fire in his eyes, a three-alarm fire at that.

"What you doing with my gal?" he bellowed, yanking Bobby almost out of his seat. "I love that woman and she loves me!"

"Oh, sure," Bobby quavered. "Yeah, sure, she loves you, yes sir!"

"I'm glad you said that," Beef frowned. "'Cause if you hadn't, I mighta done this." Ripping off a fender, he bent it into a spiral. "You know how upset I get on account of Babe," he went on, yanking off one of the front lights. "I'm a highly tense person. Y'know when you keep your inhibitions tightly locked up, sometimes they just break open."

He proved it by tearing off the door, and then grabbing the car with both hands shook it until the nuts and bolts flew in all directions. "When I lose control I just get shaken from top to bottom." He looked accusingly at me as he climbed in beside me. "I don't know what I'm doing. It's like I'm hypnotized."

But he came out of his daze long enough once we reached Gimpeldinger's

to down three double chocolate sodas.

None of the rest of us were interested in gorging ourselves for once. We were too fascinated in the show Tommy was putting on for Pat. It was really a performance. He was François Villon, tender and ardent at once, swashbuckling all over the place as he spouted French.

Pat wasn't impressed, though. At first she tried to pretend she didn't even know he was there, though his cheek was practically resting on hers as he leaned over the table in the booth where she and Van Dyne were sitting. But as he ended his spiel with an eloquent invitation to the prom, she turned and looked at him.

"Mr. Marlowe," she said disdainfully, "you are a pain in the neck in any language. I'm going to the prom with Mr. Van Dyne. You may be able to memorize lines but you can't memorize good manners."

Tommy stared at her as though she had slapped him, and maybe it was because he always had seemed so self-sufficient before that I felt so sorry for him I almost cried.

"Okay, Miss McClellan," he said, and his voice sounded so mixed up, almost as if he wanted to cry too. "Maybe it took a ton of bricks to fall on me, but I guess I got the idea now. You win. I—I won't take up any more of your valuable time."

Everybody looked uncomfortable as he walked out, the way people do who've seen someone else humiliated. But Pat just sat there so smug and self-satisfied that I just had to give her a jolt.

"Gosh," I announced so innocently that for a moment the rest of the crowd believed me too. "Tommy looked pretty sick for someone who's just inherited his uncle's pickle factory, didn't he? They say it's worth millions."

It was wonderful seeing Pat's chagrin wiping that smirk off her face. But later I wondered if I'd been so smart after all, for that evening just before dinner Connie came into our living-room looking as if someone had just given her the world tied up in a pink ribbon.

"Babe, guess what," he said dreamily. "I'm going to the prom!"

I thought of all the times we'd gone to parties leaving Connie behind and suddenly it made me ashamed of myself that I had never realized how she must have felt about it. But things like that had never seemed to interest Connie. Only I knew better now looking at her with that shining look in her blue eyes. Why, she was actually beautiful. I'd never realized that before either.

"You'll never guess," Connie said breathlessly. "I know it seems impossible, but he likes me. Tommy Marlowe likes me!"

"Oh," I said, and suddenly I was afraid. "Look, Connie, I think I ought to warn you—he asked Pat and—"

"Oh, Pat," Connie said as if she didn't matter at all. "He told me all about that. It's all over."

My uneasiness went, looking at her. She looked so lovely that evening, that though I had a feeling Pat was going to change her mind after the whopper I told her, I didn't see how Tommy could.

So it came with almost as much of a shock to me as it did to Connie when Tommy called her the next evening. She had just finished dressing and I don't know why it should make it seem worse that she was wearing the first party dress she had ever owned when it happened. But it did. I guess we women are awfully sentimental about little things like that.

Flo was with me, I'd been teaching her a new dancing step, but when Connie came into my room and stood there leaning against the door as though she couldn't move another step I managed to get rid of her. Then I went over to Connie. "Don't tell me," I said miserably. "I know."

"He's taking Pat," Connie said. "I—I guess it was too good to be true. Oh, Babe, I feel so awful!"

She began crying then and it was awful seeing Connie cry. And it was all my fault. I'd sicked Pat on to him. I had to open my big mouth. But how could I ever have dreamed Connie felt that way about Tommy?

"Connie, I'm not going either," I said wildly. "I'm staying right here with you."

"Of course you're not," she said. And she even managed to smile a little.

But I didn't have any fun at that prom.

From that night on Pat led Tommy around as if he were a Peke on a leash and he didn't seem to mind it too much when she corrected his grammar and ordered him around. Even when she announced publicly that she wouldn't be engaged to him until he won the big game of the year, Tommy took it on the chin. He even managed to grin.

But he must have been pretty flustered inside, even though he didn't show it. For the next day he flunked his French exam, and French was his best subject.

That meant he wouldn't be allowed to play football, and automatically that meant Tait would lose the biggest game of the year. All of us, even I who looked on football as my own personal enemy, were floored until the Dean came

ANSWERS TO SCREEN TESTS ON PAGE 59

PARTIAL DEFINITIONS

1. C-RAW-ford; 2. Hay-WORTH; 3. A-STAIR-e; 4. La-MAR-r; 5. B-AX-ter; 6. L-ADD; 7. ROBIN-son; 8. T-RACY; 9. TIER-ney; 10. OAK-ie; 11. de Ha-VILLA-nd; 12. HUT-ton; 13. Ba-CALL; 14. DARN-ell.

PICTURES AND STARS

1. "The Hucksters," Clark Gable; 2. "Possessed," Joan Crawford; 3. "Down to Earth," Rita Hayworth; 4. "Life with Father," Irene Dunne; 5. "Kiss of Death," Victor Mature; 6. "Crossfire," Robert Young; 7. "Desire Me," Greer Garson; 8. "Mother Wore Tights," Betty Grable; 9. "Welcome Stranger," Bing Crosby; 10. "Dark Passage," Humphrey Bogart.

SECOND LOOK

1. Bacall; 2. Garson; 3. Grayson; 4. Cotten; 5. Abel; 6. Colman; 7. Aherne; 8. Ladd; 9. Lupino; 10. Sothern.

to the rescue and ruled that because of Tommy's previous high marks he would be allowed to take another examination. And of course that put it squarely up to Connie.

She didn't want to tutor him at first, but with all of us pleading with her to come through for dear old Tait and all that sort of thing she finally relented. So all that week Tommy came over to Phi Gamma Gamma after dinner while Connie put him through his paces. But outside of teaching him French, it was just as if he didn't exist for Connie at all.

I didn't realize how hard he was taking it until the night before the examination. They were studying in the kitchen as the living room sounded like a boiler factory as usual with all the girls trying to out-shout the phonograph. But I'd forgotten that when I sneaked downstairs to make myself a sandwich.

Just as I got to the door I heard Tommy's voice. "Connie, won't you even talk to me?" he was saying.

I'd never heard Connie's voice sound the way it did then, so aloof and cold with all her usual warm, sparkle gone. "You were doing splendidly with those verbs, Mr. Marlowe," she said, for all the world like a prissy old maid school teacher. "Please try them again."

"But Connie," he said desperately, "you gotta let me say I'm sorry. You haven't talked to me in two months."

"Look," she said. "There's nothing to talk about. You better study, because if you study, you'll play. If you play you'll win and when you win, you'll be engaged to Pat, and that's what you want, isn't it?"

There was a long pause. "Yeah, I guess so," he said then. "Yeah, sure, that's what I want."

All the breath I'd been holding in came out in one big swish that I was sure they must have heard. I was so disgusted I was ready to go in there and give him a piece of my mind. Then I heard steps coming and I just had time to get behind the cellar door when Pat passed me, so she heard Tommy too when he spoke again. "Gosh, your eyes are blue," he said.

I heard Pat sniff, then the sound of the door being suddenly thrown open. "Well!" Pat said. "Making a play for a practically engaged man is a very unladylike thing to do."

"So is listening at keyholes," Connie said indignantly. "But don't worry, Pat. Tomorrow Tommy will get every one of those answers right because he loves you. And even if he didn't I wouldn't want him. I wouldn't want him if he were the last man on the campus. You picked the perfect match for yourself. He's inconsiderate, vain, selfish, you can't believe a word he says. And the same goes for you. You deserve to be stuck with each other. Congratulations! I know you'll both be very happy."

But that minute later when she ran past me I heard her sobbing softly under her breath.

She didn't look as if she'd slept much the next day when I saw her in the library. Practically the whole student body was outside on the campus waiting to find out if Tommy had passed his exam and the place was simply electric



Remember Lee Tracy? See him with Julia Bishop in Monogram's "High Tide."

with excitement, but Connie didn't show any. Even when Professor Kenyon came in she just looked at him with that dull stare as if nothing mattered. Nothing at all.

"Do you want to correct it?" he asked.

"Oh, he passed all right," Connie said listlessly. "It's almost silly to look."

"Well, we'll see," he said, his eyes glancing at the paper. Then suddenly he looked practically apoplectic. "Why, what is this?" he cried. "Some kind of joke? Listen to this. Question: Name the French verbs that take 'etre.' Answer: You haven't spoken to me for two months! And here's the answer to the next one: Gosh, your eyes are blue!"

"Oh!" Connie said. "Oh!" she said again, and the shining look was back in her eyes. "Oh, Professor, Babe, how wonderful! He loves me. He really knows his French," she went on breathlessly. "He could have passed, so he flunked deliberately because he didn't want to play! Because he didn't want to be engaged to Pat! Oh, I'm so happy!"

"You mean," Kenyon looked at her flabbergasted, "he loves you so much he'd even lose the game for the school?"

"Oh, yes, Professor!" Connie was almost crying, she was so happy. "And I love him too. I've got to go find him."

"No, wait a minute," he said. "He made a big sacrifice, giving up something that must mean a great deal to him, winning that game tomorrow. But it means a great deal to the school, too. Connie, under the circumstances and since you tell me this boy really knows his French, I think I ought to pass him."

"Pass him?" Connie whispered.

"You'd feel pretty guilty if he didn't play that game, wouldn't you?" he asked. "I'll leave it up to you. Shall I pass him?"

Connie didn't say anything. Instead she went to the window and stood there looking down on the crowd waiting to hear the verdict. And it must have been hard for her with Tommy standing there in the crowd grinning up at her and making those little motions to show how he felt about her. She looked at him and her eyes wavered. Then she looked at the crowd and they didn't waver anymore. "He—he passed," she called down to them.

But Tommy wasn't giving up so eas-

ily. We knew that, Connie and I did, sitting there in the stands watching Tommy fumble every ball that was kicked to him. It got so bad that before the first half was called, the coach sent him to the bench, and in the next half Beef was out of the game with a sprained rib leaving Tait just nowhere. It was so bad they even had to send Tommy in as a substitute.

We saw Tommy say something to Beef as they sat there on the bench together. Then Tommy pointed straight at us, and the next thing we knew there was Beef barging toward us.

"Beef, are you all right?" Connie asked anxiously.

"Sure, I gotta get X-rayed." Beef just tossed it off. "But listen, Connie, you gotta do something! You can't just sit there. Tommy's losing the game. He just told me if he wins he gets the wrong girl because he loves you."

"Gee, we got to do something fast," I said. "If only it was as easy to call Pat off as it was to sick her on to him! Why did I ever tell her Tommy was the pickle king?"

"Pickle king!" Connie said. "That's it!" And suddenly she was scribbling a note. "Look, Beef, take this over to Pat, will you? Right away!"

"What are you writing to her for?" I asked as Beef dashed off again.

"It's working," Connie laughed. "Look, Pat. She's writing a note and giving it back to Beef. Oh, Babe, I told her Tommy's business just went into bankruptcy but that Beef's father owns one of the biggest cattle ranches in the West!"

I looked at my watch as Beef started down to the field again and there was just five minutes to go. Two of them were gone by the time he got there but if you ever want to see what can happen to a football game in three minutes just send Tommy Marlowe in fighting. And in this case it wasn't only Tommy. Bobby was in it too, and what he lacked in physique he certainly made up for in spirit. For it was Bobby who threw the lateral to Tommy and between them they scored the winning touchdown just as the whistle blew.

You can imagine the rush for Tommy and Bobby then, but Connie and I proved we could run as good interference as our heros.

"Hey," I shouted when I'd almost reached my goal, and a girl I didn't even recognize in my desperation tried to block my way. "I got squatter's right!"

Even in all that din Bobby heard me.

"Just a minute! Break it up, girls!" he said, and he certainly could give orders now that his inferiority complex was gone. "Come here, woman, and kiss me!" And as he grabbed me and kissed me, his voice rose triumphantly. "Where's Beef? I want to show him I'm not afraid of him. Beef, are you looking?"

But as it happened Beef wasn't. For there he was up in the deserted stands hugging Pat and looking as if he really had the million dollars Connie had just credited him with. Only I couldn't let Bobby know how his new courage was wasted. So I threw my arms around him and kissed him again, blotting out everything but just him and me and his arms holding me.

"How Can You Get Along with Your In-Laws?"

Continued from page 38

great sense of humor, and that's so important. But I do think that at least sixty percent of the divorces and marital troubles are fanned into flames by unthinking in-laws. And yet they don't always think they're hurting a marriage. They usually believe they are helping instead.

GLENN: We're still going at this the wrong way! The word, "family," doesn't mean you, your wife, and your child, but all those related to you. The whole thing goes right back to the trouble with the world today. We've not learned to live with our neighbor.

SHIRLEY: I've never witnessed any cases of in-law trouble *after* marriage. I think the trouble begins *before* marriage. The parents try to govern their children then and they fail to realize they've grown up. After marriage, the parents finally catch on.

MAUREEN: I do know of one case. A certain star has a really difficult mother. She wanted control of her daughter and the money that came from the girl's work in pictures. She didn't want any boy to marry her. When the girl did get married, the mother swore she'd get her divorced one way or another. And she did. That's a tragic example.

HOLLAND: Lots of people now find they are living with their in-laws because of necessity—to go off on another tangent. Do you believe that it's advisable to live with in-laws under any circumstances?

IRENE: Not if it can be avoided—not at any cost. It's too much to expect young people to get along with elders. The difference in their ages and in their way of thinking is too much to combat.

MAUREEN: Under no circumstances, should young couples live with in-laws! They need room to air their views, chance for freedom of expression for the arguments they're bound to have and should have since these arguments clear the air and make for a healthy marriage. This freedom is completely denied them if in-laws are around. The couple are too embarrassed to act as they would normally. It stifles their chances of happiness.

GLENN: That's more or less what I believe—that every young couple should be left alone during the first formative years. In-laws must understand that. I have no patience with what I call "smother" love—which is a big in-law problem in some cases. Yet how can you condemn a situation where emergencies make living together imperative? You have to be tolerant then and accept the inevitable problems.

SHIRLEY: Certainly it's not wise, but as Glenn pointed out, there are times when it can't be helped. Young fellows getting married can't always afford to pay the bonuses asked for getting an apartment to rent. Nor can they afford to advance the payment required on some leases. The housing shortage is much to blame.

BOB: There's *no* emergency that warrants in-laws living with you! You're bound eventually either to hurt their feelings or ruin your own marriage. You can't bring emotions and in-laws together. The word "in-law" means you're related because the law says you are. When you mix emotion with the cold, hard, legal facts, you're in for it!

GLENN: That's getting too technical! After all, in-laws are people, not legal facts!

HOLLAND: Before you two go off into a session of your own, I'm going to cut right in and change the subject. Now, let's suppose that circumstances make it imperative for the in-laws to move in with a young couple. What mistakes should the mother-in-law, in particular, avoid in her association with her daughter or son-in-law so she won't turn the household upside down?

BOB: The thing that can break up a marriage quicker than anything else is the opposites. Seldom do you find a mother-in-law liking the son or daughter-in-law. If it's the boy's mother who is involved, she should agree with her daughter-in-law at all times, or appear to agree. Same applies if it's the son-in-law she's dealing with. The moment mama starts agreeing with her daughter against the husband, the barrier is up. In other words, agree with thine adversary quickly!

MAUREEN: The mother-in-law must remember she's the guest in the daughter-in-law's house. She cannot run the home, the child, the husband. It's an awful temptation, I know, for her to watch her son's wife do things wrong or do them slowly, but she must let the daughter-in-law profit by her own mistakes. I also believe that if it's possible, the in-law should make her bedroom into a sitting-room so she won't have to be with the couple all of the time. If the

daughter-in-law, to turn the tables, is the guest in her mother-in-law's home, then the same idea about living quarters goes. In that case, there is one other important rule—the mother must not make demands on her son or try to control him as she did before he married. That has now become the wife's job.

SHIRLEY: The big danger here, as I see it, is if there's a child in the family. No grandparent and no in-law should ever monopolize it too much or criticize the way the young couple is raising the child. After all, so many theories that were good in our mother's times have been tossed out the window by doctors today. I know one case, for example, where every time the child's mother would spank it, her mother-in-law would immediately start cuddling and sympathizing with the child. I also believe that no mother-in-law should ever take away responsibility from her daughter-in-law. Let her be the head of the house.

IRENE: I believe it's up to the mother and father-in-law to study carefully



Jeanne Craine bids her pet lion goodbye. She'll visit Shah-Shah now in the Zoo. Above, Jeanne's coiffed for her rôle in 20th Century-Fox's "You Were Meant for Me."





Helmut Dantine and Mary Anderson enact a scene for Eagle Lion's "Whispering City," left. Paul Lukas, above, plays barrister.

the kind of a person the girl or boy is whom their son or daughter married. By knowing the young person well, there'll be no danger of the in-law saying or doing anything that would cause trouble.

GLENN: We all sound as though it was almost impossible for a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law to get along! That's not so. Not if the mother-in-law develops interests of her own. And if she remembers to keep herself apart from the life of the young couple. If the couple makes mistakes, the mother-in-law shouldn't inflict her phobias or rules on the daughter or son-in-law. She must acclimate herself to the marriage the same as the husband and wife must adjust themselves to it. It's all a situation that can be handled if common sense and tolerance are used.

HOLLAND: Well, we certainly got some very complete answers on that! But to go into even more detail, suppose the situation arises where the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law just don't get along. Should the husband then ask his mother to leave the house, should he stand by his wife, or should he talk to them both?

GLENN: That's like asking the old question: "If you're in a boat that's sinking, should you save your mother or your wife or your child?" No situation should be allowed to get to such a difficult point. A man should remember he's the boss of his house, and he ought to settle the whole thing before it gets so complicated.

SHIRLEY: That's what I think! The husband should talk honestly to both his mother and his wife, point out the childish attitude they're taking and where they're wrong. If it's the wife's mother who's causing the trouble, the wife should talk to her. The whole problem is a tough one because you can't hurt anyone's feelings. It puts up a barrier that can harm the future happiness of a marriage.

IRENE: My sympathy always goes to the husband in this case. It's the most difficult spot in the world for him. The poor fellow doesn't want to be inconsiderate of his mother nor does he want to desert his wife. In this case, the wife must lean over backwards being tolerant of the mother-in-law only because of her husband. The wife must put it down as a difficult cross that must be borne and hope that the mother-in-law can soon find a place where she'll be happy.

MAUREEN: If the son can't reason with his wife and his mother, then he'll have to find a new home for his mother. After all, he married the girl—and it's that or divorce his wife. *That's* not any good. There is a catch in some instances, though. It's hard to convince a son who has a possessive mother that his mother is in the wrong. Then only a family doctor or some outsider equally close should

be called in to help. Perhaps a spiritual adviser, for example.

BOB: I'm qualifying nothing! I simply state flatly that if a fellow wants to make a success of his marriage, he must blindly agree with his wife no matter what the situation is. Once he tries to rationalize the deal, he's sunk. His marriage is sure to be hurt. The husband and wife *must* stand together on everything!

HOLLAND: I can see several of you are ready to carry this point on further, but there are some other facts you can battle about. Do you believe in accepting advice or help from in-laws?

BOB: If you can possibly avoid advice and help gracefully, it's better to do without them both. Neither a borrower nor a lender be. It always starts trouble. I know it's hard to do, because kids starting out together usually need help and the in-laws want to be of assistance, but in the long run it causes a rift.

GLENN: Why shouldn't you accept help or advice? I can't share Bob's somber views at all! I say—accept them and be grateful. Since when is advice from in-laws worse than advice from anyone else?

IRENE: Yes, it's fine to accept advice from them if you feel that your in-laws are capable of giving it. Just because they're related to you, however, doesn't automatically make them sages. As for taking financial assistance, that's a natural thing with families. All want to help each other.

MAUREEN: As Irene has inferred, I think it depends on the kinds of in-laws you have. And on the advice you're looking for. I don't believe any young couple should ask advice on what or what not to do in marriage. It's a lot safer to make your own decisions.

SHIRLEY: I believe advice should be taken from anyone who gives it. After all, we have to be open-minded enough for that. Financial help, too, is okay if it doesn't get to be a habit and if a young couple doesn't lean on it too much. I think that in an emergency it's better to owe a debt to your family than to some loan company, but I do believe the debt should be paid back quickly.

HOLLAND: And now for another important problem—can in-laws get along with other in-laws?

MAUREEN: I think they can. And there is no finer example of this than that of William Bendix and his in-laws. At the last count, about twenty-two members of his and his wife's family had moved out to be with them. They're all very close and have been so for years. They're like real friends, so much so that Bill now plans to build a big ranch where they can all live together. It all depends then on how much in-laws *try* to get along with each other. It's a hard job for some, I admit, because cheap jokes have made it smart to dislike your in-laws. Sons look at their prospective mother-in-laws with definite dislike and parents are as determined not to like the boy or girl their offspring marries.

GLENN: That question is like saying one member of a family dislikes another member of the family! In-laws *can* get along. Look at some of the so-called

poorer classes in the tenement districts where large families manage all right.

IRENE: Well, I can't share your rosy views, Glenn, because I've seen very few examples where in-laws get along well together. For one thing, when a boy marries a girl, his parents feel they've lost him. And when children come, the girl's parents feel she is the most important and the husband is left out in the cold. That all leads to jealousy, and it's that very thing that causes trouble. Respective grand-parents of a young child are constantly vying with each other for a youngster's love.

BOB: It's all a question of personalities. It's not easy to get a lot of in-laws to be happy together. It's hard enough to have a husband and wife stick together. I think the best solution is to keep in-laws away as much as possible.

SHIRLEY: That's not the way I see it! In-laws are human beings. People have friends without any trouble. In-laws should be better friends than the average friends. After all, they have more mutual interests.

BOB: But it's that those interests *aren't* always so mutual—principally because in-laws are usually more possessive and autocratic than your friends are. I've seen many instances among my friends where in-laws are possessive. This is partly due to economic reasons. If a boy and girl fall in love and the girl's father offers the boy a job, he may very likely take it. Then later all the in-laws will say, "Look what Jr. got from Daddy," and they'll expect Junior to help them sooner or later. And soon you'll have in-laws all over the place. I say, keep business and favors out of marriage, and then in-laws won't have a chance to become autocratic.

GLENN: If in-laws are autocratic and possessive, they are wrong, and should cut the string at once. When a boy marries, it's up to him to cut the string too, and the same applies to the girl.

MAUREEN: I don't think they're possessive! It's hard, I know, for parents to give up their children, but they must realize they can't hold on to the son or daughter all their lives.

IRENE: In-laws have always seemed quite possessive as a rule. Look at the way they move in with their ideas of furnishing a home, for example. Somehow they seldom learn how to hold tight with open hands. Simply because it's so natural to want to hold on to their children.

SHIRLEY: I haven't run into any such cases of in-laws trying to throw their weight around. All I believe is that the wrong use of an alleged power can boomerang against them.

HOLLAND: Now we come to the point of in-laws and their visits. How often should they come to call and how long should they stay? This is no minor problem, either!

IRENE: I think once a week is plenty if they live in the same city, and if they live far away—well, a two weeks' vacation once a year is enough. I don't believe any in-law should ever stay so long that he wears out his welcome. During these visits, however, both in-laws and the young couple should try to understand each other.

BOB: I don't think they should *ever* stay overnight! When they do visit, they should be as considerate as they'd expect their own in-laws to be. Do unto others as you'd like them to do unto you, in other words.

GLENN: I can't keep still any longer! In-laws should visit as often as they want to! And stay as long as they wish! Why not, if all concerned use intelligence and discretion? Then you'll know when to come and when to go.

MAUREEN: In our home in Ireland, our in-laws visited every Sunday afternoon. At two o'clock, my grandfather would take us six children out for a walk and if we didn't scuff our shoes the whole way, he'd buy us a bag of candy. He was a very tall man, standing six feet four, and he always carried himself very erectly. He delighted in showing us how to walk. Then we'd go back and have tea, after which my parents and the in-laws would play cards. I do feel once a week is nice for a visit. The only thing is that in-laws should remember that if the husband and wife work, they must be allowed a certain number of free hours to themselves and regulate their visits accordingly. That is, if they live in the same district.

SHIRLEY: I agree with Glenn—let them visit when they like. I don't make any set time for visiting my in-laws. Sometimes I see them two and three times a week, sometimes only once, and sometimes every other week. I say that you should be able to see your in-laws as often as you see your friends.

HOLLAND: Well, we've taken the in-laws for a long ride, so let's go into the nice things about them. What do you like about them? And let's have any final advice you want to give. You speak first, Bob, since you've been very definite on this subject.

BOB: My in-laws don't act like in-laws but like friends. That's when I like in-laws. When they don't act as though they had a proprietary right over you because of a marriage.

GLENN: If that question applies to parents, it's a ridiculous question. They're a mother and father to the girl you love or they're your own mother and father. Most kids don't appreciate their parents until they've lost them. Ellie and I know that. I lost my father when I was young and so did she. This is the darndest topic anyway! Gets me so riled!

MAUREEN: There's a lot that's nice about in-laws. They're handy to lean on on occasion. They're always ready to aid in times of trouble, they help with the raising of your child—if their ideas agree with yours—and they do make wonderful baby sitters!

IRENE: I guess you'd feel rather alone without any in-laws, especially around the holiday seasons when a big family is so pleasant. And when you're in trouble, you always turn to them without realizing it.

SHIRLEY: That's the way I feel about them. I never had a large family until I married Jack. The relatives I have live in Pennsylvania and Chicago. But now since my marriage I have two extra brothers, a sister-in-law, and a grandfather! My grandfather died when

I was a little baby, so this has meant a lot to me.

MAUREEN: As for any final advice—I can only say: treat your in-laws as you'd like them to treat you and you'll get along.

SHIRLEY: In other words, treat them with sincerity and with a normal amount of tact. Be open-minded and don't harbor grudges. Talk over your difficulties and don't hide them.

IRENE: In-laws are here to stay, so you may as well be intelligent and charitable and understanding with them. And remember—you'll get older yourself some day, you young people, and you'll find that you, too, will acquire more faults.

GLENN: And keep your own house in order! Then there'll be no in-law problem.

HOLLAND: And that winds up our sessions together. Next month five new stars take over our forum. I'm very sorry to see this wonderful board leave and I'll miss you all. Thank you for being so helpful and cooperative. (And that goes for you too, Linda Darnell, for your time on our panel.) Next month our new board takes over a subject suggested by SCREENLAND readers. This new board will boast the names of Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Lon McCallister, Barbara Stanwyck, and Ann Blyth. Thanks to you again—and so long.

IRENE: Before we leave, I'd like to tell you, Jack, how much we have enjoyed serving on this board. We think SCREENLAND is really doing something important with this series, and we'll be reading the next board's comments with great interest. We wish them all luck. So—it's time for us to be on our way, folks!

To all you readers who have written us so many interesting letters, congratulations for proving (if proof be needed) that screen fans are intelligent and adult in their thinking, whether they're grandmas or school girls. Thank you, in behalf of us all, for your fine loyalty.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We add our sincere thanks to the charming and cooperative stars who have given so freely of their time in serving on SCREENLAND's Board of Star Advisers. We welcome the five new stars on the new Board beginning in the next issue, Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Lon McCallister, Barbara Stanwyck and Ann Blyth, and know they will contribute their best efforts to future discussions. And now it is up to you, our readers, to keep this exclusive series on the same high, spirited plane. After reading this article, think ahead to the next. What subject close to your heart do you want brought out into the open? If you have any problem which would benefit by honest and frank discussion, let's hear it. The Star Advisers will select the subject of most general interest to all and Jack Holland, who conducts the Forum, will introduce it for the stars to discuss. Send in your question now to Screenland's Star Advisers, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

Continued from page 49

June Lockhart, who posed for our fashions on pages 48 and 49, takes no part in the current short-long hemline controversy. She likes both—at the proper times. Goes particularly for the off-shoulder creations with the new ballerina length for cocktail hours and thinks short formals are good-looking. On the other hand, for street wear she prefers a medium length and, as you can see on our fashion pages, she certainly looks tops.

She is appearing in Eagle Lion's "Bury Me Dead," and "T-Men."

The clothes June is wearing for our fashion spread were selected from several manufacturers about town. If you like them and want to buy them, perhaps the store mentioned in the captions is in your city. If not, then drop a line to the manufacturers listed below and they will be glad to tell you the nearest store where you may buy the clothes.

Black velvet hat by Emme—page 48

Emme Millinery Inc.
21 E. 56th Street
New York 19, N.Y.

Blue marquisette formal—page 49

Junior Formals
498 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N.Y.

Full skirted navy moiré

Babs Junior
498 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N.Y.

Black moiré ballerina dress, Inc.

Arkay Junior Frocks, Inc.
498 Seventh Avenue
New York 18, N.Y.

Plaid coat

Collegian Modes
250 West 39th Street
New York 18, N.Y.

Joan Psychoanalyzes Crawford

Continued from page 21

so confused and so hurt. It was a challenge so provocative that now I have finished figuring out *Louise's* mental processes, what made her the way she was, I believe I'll try to figure out *my* mental processes, what made me the way I am. For instance, "Are there," I ask myself, "any similarities between Joan Crawford and the girl she played in 'Possessed'?" To which, frankly, the answer is "Yes." But, hastily reassuring myself, "Don't be frightened, honey," I tell myself, "we all have symptoms such as possessed the girl in 'Possessed' but so long as they remain symptoms, remain static, you're a perfectly normal person, you're all right—aren't you?"

Fascinated as I am by the first exploratory glimpse into the watchworks that make me tick, let me begin by using the "free association of ideas" method, a sort of amateur job of psychoanalyzing myself.

My earliest memory—which seems to be the first key an analyst turns—is of a dress I wore (a pale green dress, crisp, like a lettuce leaf) when I was about four, and of walking up and down the street in front of our house to show it off. (Incidentally, I've heard people say they remember when they were born or remember things they did when they were less than a year old. Not remembering anything until I was four, what does that make me, the village idiot?)

I'm not in the least superstitious—healthy sign? I sincerely believe that there is something so much greater than we are guiding, governing, directing and protecting us that if we have any belief or faith in that "Something" we cannot possibly be superstitious. Superstition is barbaric and a wrong concept of the faith in which we believe.

I am a sentimentalist—oh, brother, and how I'm a sentimentalist! I keep all

my love letters tied up in sweet little ribbons, all different colors. I cut poetry out of newspapers and magazines and underline poetry in books. I cry at the movies and at plays and symphonies. And, to get back to the movies, when I want the hero and heroine to get together and the villain moves in and frustrates them, I *bawl*. Just how corny can you get being sentimental?

I am not, I find, afflicted by the complaint, as common as the common cold, commonly called "Pet Hates." True, I used to be one of those people who either just hates everything or just loves everything, until I found that I wore myself out with excessive hating and excessive loving, and to no avail. Actually, hatred reacts only against the person who does the hating, so I gave up hatred a long time ago. Now there are many things that annoy me but nothing at all, I can truthfully say, that I hate.

The things I like, the things I enjoy, are many, and seem to me to be quite as normal as need be. My favorite book is the Bible. I love the theater; love, especially, any play Helen Hayes is in. I'm a radio fan, with Bing Crosby my big (radio) moment. I'm crazy about perfume—especially Zezan; love all shades of the color blue, and go around humming "The Anniversary Song." I read in bed every night, *every* night, and love it. I enjoy a good dish of gossip—don't you? And you? I'm that way for diamonds, for—let's not skimp the truth—BIG diamonds and lots of them. A mink coat is, since it's been within my purse, a "Must" for me. Otherwise, I don't believe that, in taste or practice, I am inordinately extravagant or luxury-loving. In the past, I have been extremely extravagant about hats, shoes and bags. But in the past year, I've bought only three hats, three pairs of shoes, three bags. I do not be-

lieve I can be accused of pampering myself. I never breakfast in bed—except after I've been working in a picture every day for six months or more—then, perhaps, I pamper myself with a tray in bed for one or two mornings, no more.

I'm not all-out athletic, but love tennis. That's my game. I love dogs. Loved, dearly and devotedly, my friend and constant companion of many years, the late Pupchen, who was a dachshund, and now I have a blonde Cocker spaniel.

I'm a movie fan as ever was. *Eat* movies. With "Camille," starring Greta Garbo, my long-time and I guess all-time favorite. I've seen it nine times. And poetry is one of my major passions—with "Be Noble!" my poetry pet.

I like to write letters but keep putting letterwriting off because of my many activities. When I can decently put it off no longer, I dictate business letters while I'm under the shower, under the hair-dryer, making up or waiting for a long distance telephone call to come through. And, once or twice a month, after the children are asleep, I sit down at my desk and write personal letters until two and three in the morning.

I love picnics in the woods with the children, or playing records with them, or reading to them. Right now we're reading the whole series of "The Wizard of Oz" books, which I had never read when I was a child. I love to play games with the two older children, Christina and Christopher—beefsteak, bean bags and football. I love to go down by the sea and pick up shells with them, discover sea anemones. I don't enjoy adult games, with adults, indications, for instance, and charades, half as much. Maybe because I'm bad at them. I love to dance. Oh, golly, HOW I love to dance!

My hobby is knitting, which seems wholesome. I dress to please myself. I wear the clothes I believe are the most becoming to me and cannot be influenced, even by fashion experts. I certainly would not, for instance, wear a long torso dress which would make long-waisted me look out of proportion, in obeisance to a style edict. Nor will I wear long skirts, even if I am the only woman on earth wearing short ones, unless I think they become me.

I feel sure I haven't a trace of Narcissism in me. My care of myself is, I would say, very basic. I think some form of exercise, such as swimming or tennis, is very important to health and, therefore, to beauty, so I swing a racket and take a daily swim. The remainder of my "beauty care" consists in scrubbing my face every night with soap and water, and I really mean scrub. I always shampoo my own hair. And I sleep eight hours a night. And there is an end to it.

When it comes to listing and diagnosing my faults, I hit a sore spot. I have so many! This is not said in mock modesty but as sober statement of fact, which we'll brush off by saying that my greatest fault is impatience—not only with other people but with myself. Still, if I had not been impatient with myself, *where would I be, today?*

Fears—fears, too, are faults, and I have many of them—was once, in fact, polka-dotted with them. Most of them I have now, like my hates, I am happy to

say, almost overcome. I used to be terrified of the dark—a holdover from childhood. I used to be afraid of meeting new people, and of going anywhere in public—a holdover from a virulent inferiority complex.

I suppose I must admit that I still have an inferiority, or a partial one. I certainly still have a terrific, a congenital, a chronic shyness. Which I am trying each day to overcome by the somewhat drastic method of forcing myself to do things I don't want to do, or am fearful of doing.

Most of us grow up with fears that were instilled in us in childhood—either through a sense of insecurity or through a wrong sense of religion. In our adult days we can only hope and try to find the antidotes for these infantile phobias which, as the rational adult rationalizes the child's irrational fear of the dark and—lo, no Bogeyman is there!—eliminates them.

I LOVE my job. I love being an actress. Far fields do not look greener to me. Which assures me that I have not the malady of maladjustment. I think that if I were not in the acting profession or if, by some nightmare circumstance, I should tomorrow find myself out of it, I'd work like the dickens to try and get IN again. If I failed in all mediums—motion pictures, stage, radio—I would probably strike out for an executive position, either with a department store or with a national magazine. If these failed me I'd still be (plug!) the best housekeeper in the country!

I am, I can honestly say to myself and to you, a good housekeeper. As a matter of fact, perhaps I work too hard at it—or did. For until quite recently I was practically "Craig's Wife." Now, however, I have relaxed sufficiently to be able to pass a crowded ashtray without pausing, in flight, to empty it—although I still cook, sew, plan menus, do all the household ordering and a great deal of the marketing. I still clean house and scrub like mad. I enjoy laundering the babies' clothes (AND laundering the babies!) and some of my own.

I am not, I would say, "odd" about wanting to be alone. Now and again, if I am going through an unhappy or trying experience I find, it is true, that being alone gives me a chance to take inventory of myself and to arrive at some solution that is constructive.

A few months ago, in fact, I did something I had never done before; something I had always wanted to do and, at quite long last, *did* do: I packed a bag with mascara and lipstick, slung a knapsack of books over my shoulder, got in my car and went away. By myself. For two weeks, ALL by myself. I drove leisurely, at whim, *my* whim, up the coast of California. To San Luis Obispo. To Monterey. To Carmel. When I felt tired, I stopped at a motor court and went to sleep. When I felt like going to a movie, I went to a movie. When I was in the mood, I lay on the beach, a day at a time, or more. And slept. Or dreamed. Or neither. For those two weeks out of my life I was, for the first time in a life that has been lived at, to understate it, an accelerated pace, *quiet*—with the quiet

you can have only when you are alone.

I do not believe, mark you, Gladys, that it is healthy to be alone, or to want to be alone, often. Or to the point of being actually lonesome. And, since the desire to be much alone is popularly supposed to be a marked symptom of the neurotic, I am grateful that it is not one of my "symptoms." But I do think the—well, let's call it the *quietness* is good for all of us occasionally and is, for me, a "Must."

My "wants," however, my active urgent wants are so many and so demanding I am safe, I am sure, from the danger of becoming a solitary. I want to take a year and go to Europe. I want to travel Europe leisurely, studying languages, customs, people. I want to go to the Orient. I want to go to Honolulu. I want to learn to paint. I want to study music. I want to read the 10,000 books or more I haven't read and probably never will read—but a girl can dream, can't she? I want the eight children (of which, blessedly, I have four) I've always said I wanted. I want the time I need to give them. I want for my four children the kind of life I hope *they* will want, the Good Life. I want to be wise enough, and strong enough, to help them prepare for the Good Life.

I want the kind of love I haven't had. I want the kind of marriage I haven't had. The "Till-death-do-us-part" marriage. When I ask myself, in the course of this self-questioning, "What is love? How do you define it?" I answer, "Love is faith, compatibility—mentally, spiritually, physically—and a divine, mutual sense of humor."

When I ask myself "What is your recipe for a happy marriage?" I answer myself, "*I think, dear, you had better ask this question of someone who has made a success of marriage.*"

When I ask myself, "Can a girl differentiate between love, the genuine article, and infatuation, which may be counterfeit?" I answer, "No, she can't. No matter how intelligent she may be, no matter how perceptive, or even experienced, she can be misled, even as you *and I*."

When I think of *Louise* in "Possessed," poor *Louise* with her obsessive love of a man who didn't want it, it sets me thinking of all the loves, all the different kinds of love, of which a woman is capable.

First of all, there is the mother love that makes a woman want babies before they come, care for them with tender heart and ministering hands after they come. I know that love. I have it for my four babies—to such an extent, indeed, that I sometimes wonder I have any love, of any kind, left over to give elsewhere.

There is the love of a woman for a man. Every woman, I think, believes herself capable of giving, and is certainly desirous of receiving, a great romantic love. A great, good love.

There is also, and great is the pity, the love that is not good but is often, and so mistakenly, thought great—the too-possessive love, for instance, with which poor *Louise* was hag-ridden. The love that resents everything but its own fulfillment.

I have often been asked whether, if I

met and fell in love with a man who resented my career, I would be willing to give it up? If I were *enough* in love with a man I think I would be swayed to the point of giving it up, yes. However, I am afraid that after a year or so of marriage, I would be working in the community playhouse or in little theaters and would find myself becoming terrifically and unbearably insecure, emotionally. I'm not a very happy person when I'm not working. I can give of myself all day long to the ones I love, to my home—but it isn't enough to satisfy the urge—call it energy, or ambition, or talent, or whatever you like, that is in me.

I feel, besides, that any man who would say "Give up your career and marry me" would be a very selfish man, especially if he said it to anyone who has worked as hard and as long as I have worked; who still works hard and long not, nowadays, from financial necessity but simply from love of it. I think, too, that a man who falls in love with me must certainly know that he falls in love with me for the qualities I must possess in order to have got where I am. If, therefore, I should give up my work, he would destroy the very qualities with which he fell in love. (And I'll lay you a bet that this same—hypothetical—man for whom I gave up my career would fall for the next actress who came along!)

There is the very dangerous love. The totally destructive love—the "love" of a woman for a man who brings out in her all the violences she has inherited, and hitherto suppressed, through the ages—so that, to her horror and dismay, she finds she can become violent, even cheap and tawdry—a fishwife. This can happen to the most placid woman, the most gently born and bred gentlewoman. If such a love continues in this sorry vein with never a let-down—as it did with poor *Louise*—before it is too late, before the two people have destroyed each other utterly, one or the other, or preferably both, **MUST** make up their minds to save themselves from destruction, by parting.

And in parting if, unlike *Louise*, they are still healthy, still able to rationalize, there are so many things in life for them, so many interests, so many horizons—to me there is no one "Most important thing in life"—there are *things*. There is health. There are children. There is love. (Many kinds of love.) There is fame. There is wealth. There are friends. But you can have any one of these, individually, and not be satisfied with life, or with yourself.

I believe many things go to make up the importance of life, yes. But I would say, if pressed and prodded, that one of the most important things is to adjust yourself to life. By this I mean, not to fight life, but, like a strong swimmer who nevertheless knows the strength of the sea and comes in with the tide, to go along with it.

This is about it, darling—my first and, perhaps, feeble attempt at psychoanalyzing myself. What, I wonder, would a professional analyst make of it? And of me? What do you make of it? And of me?

My best, always,
Joan

Fred Robbins Right Off the Record

Continued from page 47

and the piano is perkin' on this knocked out mess of eight beat. And if this doesn't earn enough for the rent, then this isn't SCREENLAND. The "Base" moves into the barber shop on the flip for some tonsorial capers and philosophy, such as: A woman is just like a barber—if you don't stop them, they both go on and on until you've got nothing left! (Victor)

FRANK SINATRA—"A Fellow Needs a Girl," "So Far." Nancy's old man oils up his luscious plumbing for the brace of honeys from "Allegro," by Rodgers and Hammerstein, but there's a leak on the first side 'cause it's not up to F.S.'s usual level, Neville. The flip, though, is soft as gauze and you'll be hummin' 'em both all through this fresh set of twelves. And something new has been added. Frankie has cut two spirituals with the Charioteers, "I've Got a Home in That Rock" and "Jesus Is a Rock in the Weary Land," first two he's ever done. And with all the fervor and feeling necessary. Kid's versatile! That's not all, though. There's two portions of ecstatic static under the handles on "The Stars Will Remember" and "Christmas Dreaming" and on both cheeks "Hoe Handle" really spins that vocal floss like sugar. Yummy! (Columbia)

SAMMY KAYE—"Year 'Round Favorites." Them as likes the musical drool dispensed by the Swing (?) and Sway guy will blow their tops over this album of goo. There's "Easter Parade," "April Showers," "Summertime," "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," "Indian Summer," "September Song," "White Christmas," "Winter Wonderland" and they're sure shucked with all the wah-wahs this kid is famous (?) for. *Chaque homme a son gout.* (Victor album P 184)

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET—"Hi Ya, Sophia," "Baby, Have You Got a Little Love to Spare?" Hey! B.G.'s latest sextet waffle for Capitol and he butters your ears with that Great Goodman Gobstick, Red Norvo on vibes, Mel Powell, piano, Al Hendrickson, guitar, Harry Babasin, bass and Louis Bellson, drums. It's strictly *molte allegro* on "Sophia," whom you'll find yourself on good terms with in no time, and the back unleashes the pipes of Al Hendrickson, who stashes his guitar to chirp about the low state of his supply of amour. Guy sings good, like Art Lund should sound and it's real kicks by the six on this groove slab. (Capitol)

THEME SONGS: The theme is on the beam! And this is Columbia's second album of familiar bandentifications. There's a kinda thrill every time a band starts a stage show or broadcast with its theme, and its *joie de vivre* to have these signatures on your own shelf. Eight pancakes in these leaves: "Sunrise Serenade," "Star Burst," "Snowfall," "Leap Frog," "My Shawl," "Day Dreams Come True at Night," "Heart to Heart," "The Very Thought of You." Guess who they're by, before you read on. Give up? Frankie Carle, Gene Krupa, Claude Thornhill, Les Brown, Xavier Cugat, Dick Jurgens, Elliott Lawrence and Ray

Noble, respectively, that's who. Play 'em for your friends and see if they can guess 'em. S'fun, hon. (Columbia album C 140)

TONY MARTIN: "The Stanley Steamer," "Julie." The "marcelled moaner" gets into first year and tries his hand and tonsils at the boilers of the jalopy of yesteryear, dear, and it steams right along. He's all sentiment on the other cheek, and gleeps, it's bliss, sis. (Victor)

TEX BENEKE: "I Have But One Heart," "Too Late." And Gary Stevens has but one larynx but how he caresses the old Italian folk song. And that Miller band behind him. Exquisite anguish! Texas unfurls his vibrating machine on the flip and gets the rhythmic contagion ragin'. Tex really comes on on these novelties, *vibrato* and all. (Victor)

BUDDY CLARK: "Don't You Love Me Anymore," "The Little Old Mill." Hark to the bark of a lark named Clark, who'll heal your bruised soul evcry time he tilts his chin. And on these out comes a wistful fistful on the first face and some darling "boy meets girl" whimsy on the second. Kid hits your ear as soft as that stuff from upstairs hits the ground. (Columbia)

MARLENE DIETRICH: An album of six, early, rare recordings by one of the most glamorous women of all time, the exotic Marlene, whose career of war service has been unequalled by any female entertainer. These etchings were cut in Europe in 1930 and contain the highlights of her German repertoire. Come on over and hear 'em. Marlene portrays the eternal woman as only she can on "Alone in the Big City," "Yes, That's the Way I Am," "Johnny," "My Blonde Baby," "Peter," and "Where Is the Man." If your little brother or sister understands German, better send him to the movies when you play these. All the femininity of this international favorite comes through on this set of grooves. (Vox album 304)

HARRY JAMES: "I Still Get Jealous," "Sentimental Souvenirs." Jessie James' daddy wraps that horn around one of the hits from "High Button Shoes," with Phil Silvers, and Buddy DiVito does the same with the plumbing for some very *simpatico* dance material. On the flip-over, Marion Morgan puts out some bucolic gurgling anent her "Sentimental Souvenirs." Some day she'll be proud to claim this waxen attraction as one of them. (Columbia)

HOT!!!

ROY ELDRIDGE: "Body and Soul," "Lover Come Back to Me." Cadenzas from the horn of Little Jazz that are always strictly *persona grata*. And thanx to Decca for its reissue of always welcome acetates by this giant of jazz. Does the title song from Johnny Garfield's tremendous picture, first slow, and then at jump tempo. The flip is rompin' all the way. Hi ho trailus boot whip! (Decca)

BIX AND TRAM — FRANKIE TRUMBAUER AND HIS ORCHES-

TRA FEATURING BIX BEIDERBECKE: And so that the myriad of Bix fans won't drown 'em with lizen (mail), Columbia continues to lead the way to the hearts of jazz lovers with its rebaking of this album of sound by Bix and Tram. Oh, happy day! This partnership of Beiderbecke on cornet and Trumbauer on sax was like Damon and Pythias. These guys were inseparable, until Bix passed away so untimely in 1931, and worked together in Frank's band, with Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman. 'Tween these leaves are their greatest collaborations and a must for any and all jazz shelves. There's the landmark "Singin' the Blues," "Clarinet Marmalade," "Riverboat Shuffle," Hoagy Carmichael's most famous jazz tune, "Ostrich Walk," "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," "Take Your Tomorrow," "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home," and "Wringin' and Twistin'," with Bix on piano, which he often said he'd rather play than his cornet. Present day trumpeters might well dig deeply 'he lyrical golden tone of B.B. and be duly inspired therefrom. Next case! (Columbia C 144)

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ: And here comes Victor with an ample sample of righteous—just what the title says. Gettin' that supernatural two-beat tappin' just right are Irving Fazola and his Dixieland Band, guys who uttered their first baby cries in two-beat and were brought up to the N.O. rhythm. Faz stomps off and the guys in the amen corner bestir themselves, and how!—on eight standard morsels of Dixieland One Step, "Bluin' the Blues," "Satanic Blues," "Ostrich Walk," "Sensation," "Mornin' Blues," "Farewell Blues," and "Fidgety Feet." The personnel, aside from Fazola, are pretty unknown, but just put the needle to the groove and dig! (Victor HJ 12)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" and "Star Dust." Grab it, collectors! This cookie was as scarce as SCREENLAND two days after it hits the stand. Then Columbia dug out the old Okeh master, melted some wax in the grooves and *voila!* Reissue! Pops sings 'em both in that wonderful infectious gravel tone and slips you some sips from that tasty horn. Like spiced nightingale's tongues! (Columbia)

BABS' THREE BIPS AND A BOP: Hot off the be-bop griddle is the latest slab by Babs, the wild one. There's "Babs' Dream" and "Runnin' Around." Top side spots the vocal gymnastics of the self-styled creator of the be-bop language with all the ooh, oooh, ahs, and eee, eee, eehs that made him so *cacchetori*, or as Babs' himself would say, "so crazy." Here's where you sniff some real be-bop riffs. (Blue Note)

BENNY RIDES AGAIN: Rachel's Pop salivates that reed and goes! Brand new album of eight wafer with Benny really cookin' over a large jet, Rhett Starting with "Lazy River," with just Benny and Jimmy Rowles at the piano, more men are added to each record until the whole band comes on and has you cringing by the static distributor. Two plus one make the trio: Benny, Jimmy and Tommy Romersa on drums for "Puttin' on the Ritz." Then the four're on the floor—the quartet with Harry

Babasin on bass to knock out "Benny's Boogie." Ernie Filice picks up his squeeze box to make the quintet or "Music, Maestro, Please." Five plus one is six, pick up, not sticks but Al Hendrickson on guitar for "The Bannister Slide." Ray Sims joins on trombone for "How High the Moon," and then—mop! The whole band riding again on "Chicago" and "No, Baby, No," with B.G. using his tonsils on the latter. Fine album that makes your ear light up and say howdy! No woofin', Benny Rides Again! And it's hydromatic all the way. (Capitol BD 57)

FROM THE MAN IN GRAY

Aw, come on, bashful. You can't know everything! Neither does this kid. But we'll try as hard as diamonds to answer what's on that pate, gate. Like "Do you think the rain will affect the rhubarb?" or "What color is Sammy Kaye's toupee?" Just knock me any old hunk of linen about bands, vocalists or what moves on the grooves and the most interesting ones will be printed right here in the column. So talk to me, you barricada, you. Assail me with wailing. Here's what I'm talking about:

A missive all the way from Cape Town, South Africa:

Dear Fred: Am extremely interested in good jazz and hope you'll spill the beans about some of the bands. The few things I would like to know are (1) Who are all the mob who sock out "Bill's Mill," by Count Basie? (2) Who are the soloists in the Tommy Dorsey clambake seven on "China Town"? (3) Who plays piano in "Moten Swing," by Harry James? (4) Who played alto for Artie Shaw's old band?

I hope this is not too much for you to answer but here in South Africa it is difficult to find any blab about these things and so I'm turning to you.

Sincerely,
Robert Miller

Dear Bob: It's a thrill to know you're being read so far away. You bet I'll answer your posers! (1) Emmet Berry and Harry Edison, trumpets; and Paul Gonzales, tenor. (2) Tommy Dorsey, trombone; Pee Wee Irwin, trumpet; Johnny Mince, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Carmen Mastren, guitar; H. Smith, piano; and Maurice Purtill, drums. (3) Arnold Ross, who is now Lena Horne's accompanist. (4) Les Robinson.

Keep those letters coming and I hope this covers what you want.

Recordially, F.R.

And from a Mel Torme fan in Glasgow, Scotland:

Dear Fred: Thanx for the info about the "Velvet Fog" in the September issue of SCREENLAND. Trouble is you can get his records here except those he made with his Mel-Tones. How about letting me know in your column if Mel is married, how old he is and where does he hail from. Anxiously awaiting your next article, I remain,

Yours MELancholy, until I can hear Mel himself,
Louise Smith

Dear Louise: Gee, first a guy from Cape

Town and now a Scotch lassie. Just like the UN. Mel has made lots of cookies on his own for Musicraft and they should be available by now. He's 22, unmarried, and plays the field—and how! Raised in Chicago, he now lives with his family in Los Angeles. Hope you can see his picture, "Good News," or does the 75% tax make that impossible?

Recordially, F.R.

And from back home:

Dear Fred: I think Dick Haymes is positively dee-vine but I can never seem to learn enough about him. Such as what new disks he's recorded, is he going to make any more records with Helen Forrest? Where can I get some info concerning his reel and real life? Thanx.

Sincerely,
Joan Phillip, N.Y.C.

Dear Joan: Dick's latest etchings for Decca are "Christmas Song," "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve," and "Mimi," "Naughty Angeline," Helen's not yellin' with Richard any more, but is on her ownsy on the MGM label, and Joanne Dru, Mrs. D.H., recently added another baby to the Haymes menage.

Recordially F.R.

Dear Fred: Can you tell me who was Vaughn Monroe's singing teacher? And is Gene Krupa married? How can I write to him?

Sincerely,
Bettie Jane Fowler, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Bettie Jane: Are you kidding? You mean who put the muscles on those tonsils, don't you? Don't tell me you're thinking of trying to sing like Vaughn. I don't know whether Vaughn's teacher wants his name known so you better write right to V.M. And Genie with light brown drumsticks is most certainly mar-

ried and has a home in Yonkers, N. Y. Write to him care of Columbia records, N.Y.C.

Recordially, F.R.

Dear Fred: What is Jack Smith's latest cookie?

Sincerely,
Virginia Anderson, New Orleans, La.

Dear Ginny: "Civilization," backed by "Don't You Love Me Anymore." He's just done a screen test in Hollywood and is now back in N.Y.

Recordially, F.R.

Dear Fred: Did Mel Torme write "September Song"?

Sincerely,
Louise Musto, Asbury Park, N. J.

Dear Louise: No, he just sings it. It was written by Kurt Weill and was sung by Walter Huston in "Knickerbocker Holiday."

Recordially, F.R.

No more space, Grace, so we'll have to pack up the old Royal portable and all this shellac and hit the track. See you right here in Feb., deb, but meantime don't forget to dig F.R. on the Columbia Record Shop every week, no matter where you hang your frame. Just dig your local paper for time and station. And keep one glimmer peeled for those Columbia shorts we've been knocking out. They'll be around your way soon. And this kid will, too, to beat you on your head with my beanbag if you don't make use of the new pen and pencil set you got for chime time and sling me some ???s. Address Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Till next month, then, take it slow.

"I'm the Mother of a Cinderella Baby," Says Coleen Gray

Continued from page 29

was very poor. They worked and struggled, and Coleen wore cast-off clothes provided by three aunts who were school teachers. "They all wore navy blue," laughed Coleen, "and I got so sick of wearing it that for years I wouldn't wear a navy blue dress on a bet! Just recently I got over that. We used to order our shoes from mail order catalogues. They didn't always fit perfectly, and they weren't too smart looking."

No doubt Coleen, looking at the other girls, sometimes wished she could have a dress that wasn't a cast-off and that didn't have such an abominably long skirt. Mrs. Jensen was very smart about making over the aunts' clothes for Coleen, but it would have been wonderful to wear shoes such as they were showing in some of the city shops. However, Coleen learned early to concentrate on what she wanted to get out of life rather than on what she couldn't have.

She was a young dynamo with almost frightening energy. At eleven, she directed and staged and played in Shakespeare's "The Tempest." She dressed a

girl friend in a bear skin to play *Calaban*. "I played one of the witches," she told me, laughing at the memory. "I made a mask for myself. Then I cut off some hair from a horse's tail and used those long hairs to make me look more witch-like. I had gray wisps of horse's hair hanging from my own face and I wore a blanket. I also had a sign hanging from my neck, 'I am dead.' Thus dressed, I marched triumphantly across the school assembly hall!"

While still in public school, Coleen continued to write skits, direct the other girls and, to use her own phrase, "whip them into submission." Although the school was co-educational, the boys rarely took part in the plays and assembly programs except when the teachers made them do so. Consequently, since the casts were all-girl affairs, the girls usually ended up playing the male parts. Coleen's specialty was villains. She would borrow her brother's serge suit, then make up by using water colors to paint a big black moustache on herself.

One day Miss Bisel, the seventh grade

teacher, asked all the students what occupations they planned to follow. Most of the students picked pretty sensible ones, so when Coleen said, "I am going to be an actress," they all stared open-mouthed, then started to laugh. "I was so hurt by their laughter," Coleen told me, "that from that time on I took to dreaming in secret and building fantastic air castles. After that I'd never tell anyone that I wanted to be an actress. In fact, I myself got to thinking it was just a pipe dream. Although I played in operettas and in high school plays, I decided that I was going to be a music teacher instead of an actress. I went to Minneapolis Symphony concerts and became very long-haired. I wouldn't even consider listening to swing. I liked only classical music, so I was very lonely, as none of the other students shared my enthusiasm. I did an orchestration of 'Liebestraum' and a thesis on the history of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. I became a musical snob."

Still buried beneath the surface was that seventh grade dream of becoming an actress. So after Coleen won a scholarship at Hamline University in St. Paul, Minnesota, she gathered up enough courage one day to visit the dramatic department, where various students were trying out for different school plays. "I was frightened by the sight of the established students. I had planned to audition for a play, but my inferiority complex got the better of me. I saw what I thought was great acting, and frightened, I sneaked out without an audition."

This happened during Coleen's freshman year, and the fright lasted till she was a senior. By that time Coleen had abandoned her idea of becoming a music teacher, since much as she liked music, she hated the courses in how to teach it. Instead she switched to studying art and oil painting. But now and then she'd get \$10 for giving a play reading before a women's club. She thought, "Now that I'm a senior, this is my last chance to try to get into a college play."

So as she says, "On a high peak of courage Coleen tried out for the play, 'Letters to Lucerne,' and got the second lead. She also won second prize for the first oil painting she ever did. That did wonders for her inferiority complex." (Every now and then Coleen lapses from the first person and begins to talk about herself as if she were someone else. This is disconcerting until you get used to it.) "Coleen held four jobs during her senior year in college. She was school librarian, assistant to the English literature teacher, a waitress, and she also mowed lawns."

Coleen doesn't add, but I happen to know, that in spite of all these jobs, her scholarship was so wonderful that she managed to walk off with top honors.

She also walked off with the heart of a very handsome and very nice boy to whom she was engaged during the last few months of her college life. When he went into the service, she decided to visit him at Camp Callan, four miles from La Jolla. So that they might see each other as often as possible, she got a job as a waitress in La Jolla. Soon, however, they began to realize that they weren't really in love with each other, and broke off

their engagement. "We remained friends," said Coleen. "He's now happily married to another girl, and they have a baby daughter, just as I have. So it all turned out very well."

At this point, Coleen still wasn't sure whether she wanted to go in for music, (but for heaven's sake, not teaching) art, or dramatics. So she went to Los Angeles, where she studied art at USC and Spanish at City College. She also did nine canvases in five weeks, and worked at the school library at USC to pay her tuition. Then she got a job as receptionist and secretary at the Los Angeles YWCA. "That salved my social conscience because I was able to help a lot of girls who were having difficulty finding a place to live. I liked being a receptionist, but I just wasn't the type to be a successful secretary. That short-hand certainly got me down."

One day Coleen was thumbing her way through a newspaper when she read that the Carl Heins Roth Players were casting "Letters to Lucerne." That seemed like a good omen to Coleen, for after all, hadn't she won second lead in that very college play? So on another high peak of courage she went down to the little theater, and got the lead.

"Acting in little theaters," she told me, "is a wonderful way to get into pictures, because talent scouts from the different studios cover all the little theater productions." Coleen appeared in the Roth Players production of "Night Must Fall" and "Brief Music." Seeing her in "Brief Music," Jack Pomeroy, an agent, was convinced that Coleen had the makings of a movie star; simultaneously Ivan Kahn, 20th Century-Fox's talent scout, sent for her. She made a test for the studio.

It was through that test that she met her future husband, Rodney Amateau, who was at that time writing test scenes for ambitious young players. When she came into his office, she was disconcerted to find his dark, intent eyes studying her, sizing her up. His questions, too, annoyed her a little. Determined to find out enough about her to write just the right test scene, he was making a mental personal inventory.

Coleen resented the intensity of his glance, his obvious measuring look. Maybe she resented the fact that it wasn't a bit personal. "I was incensed at the fact that he sized me up like a piece of beef. I thought, 'I'm in the wrong place. I ought to be on display at a meat market in Chicago, the way I'm being sized up!'"

She resented the coolness of his questions. "What are you like?" "What are your likes?" "What are your dislikes?" It was as though he were asking, "What sort of person are you, anyway?"

Coleen told him that she had quit her job at the Y and taken a job clerking at Thrifty's Drug Store at 50 cents an hour. "But I wasn't very good at handling the cash register and I made so many mistakes that I often had to work for nothing to make up for them. I stayed only a month. Then Coleen got a job selling ceramics at the Farmers' Market, also at 50 cents an hour. But she thought that job was infinitely more likeable. She could handle little figures and

tell people how they were made of China clay, and she also painted Christmas cards."

The switch from talking about herself as "I" to talking about herself as "Coleen" didn't divert Rodney Amateau from the disclosure that this lovely blonde must be getting along very badly financially on a salary of 50 cents an hour. He knew the cost of living was way, way up and he could imagine the trouble this heart-faced girl had getting along on such a sum. "Can't I lend you some money?" he said suddenly.

She looked at his dark eyes, and now she realized that he was no longer summing her up like a piece of beef, and that he really meant what he said. Later she was to find out that he was a softie, and that frequently when he thought other people were broke, he offered to help them out.

"Thanks," she said, "but I'll get along. I don't believe in borrowing money."

He adapted some scenes from "Green Grow the Lilacs" for her, and the test was successful. Soon she was under contract to 20th Century-Fox. She began taking lessons with Helena Sorell, the dramatic coach. Rodney, purely by coincidence, had the adjoining office. One day he came into Miss Sorell's office and saw Coleen reading a book—Briffault's "Europa," a candid, even shocking novel about Europe in the period between the two World Wars. Startled he said, "Isn't that book rather old for a girl of your tender years?"

"How old do you think I am?" she challenged, slightly miffed at his obvious belief that she was very, very young.

"You can't be over seventeen," he said.

"Well," she replied, "I am 22." (This was in 1944.)

Determined to prove to him that she was old enough and mature enough to be reading "Europa" or anything else she chose, she began discussing various erudite books.

Not long after that, they had their first date. He took her to a small café called Mickey's, where they drank coffee and danced and talked. He spoke about his enthusiasms: the Spanish loyalists, Hemingway and Saroyan. She talked of music, and learned that he was collecting just the kind of records that she most admired. They were both a bit long-haired musically. Here was a kindred soul.

"We fell in love the first night we dated," Coleen told me. "I had always thought that if I ever met anyone to whom I was attracted, I would let it ripen into a good solid friendship first. I never expected to fall in love so suddenly. Our first date occurred on December 3, 1944, and after that we never doubted that we would get married. By May we were engaged, but just to keep our parents happy and prove to them that we really knew our own minds we waited until August 10, 1945, before we got married."

Though Coleen had succeeded in proving to Rodney that she was old enough to read "Europa," fall in love and get married, she still had to prove to her studio that she was old enough to play dramatic rôles, which she wanted desper-

ately. Her first part in pictures was a one-line bit in "State Fair." The studio dressed her in ankle socks, a sweater and skirt, and gave her one trivial line to say, "Hey, poppy, there aren't any seats together."

She was elated when she learned that she was slated for three lines in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim." That seemed like real progress. Who could tell how far she'd go after that?

Then her doctor spoke to her sternly, and said that under no circumstances would he permit her to wear a tight period corset at this point. She was expecting and had hoped to keep it a secret for a while—long enough to play in "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim" and a small part in "Margie." But when the studio asked her why she was getting so chubby, she had to tell them. And when the doctor gave her his orders, she wept. Forgetting for the moment that first things come first, she cried all day. The casting director took her aside and said, "Don't feel so badly. Your three lines in 'The Shocking Miss Pilgrim' are not really so important. The part isn't worth your tears. Don't forget you're in a production of your own now."

That wasn't very easy to forget, but Coleen thought she was really losing something vital until she learned that the bit part on which she'd set her heart had been cut out of the production.

"I soon found that my baby, Susan, who was born in June, 1946, was really a Cinderella baby. All the most wonderful things in my life have happened to me since she was born. I lost the part in 'The Shocking Miss Pilgrim,' to be sure, but six weeks after Susan was born, I got a much better rôle in 'Red River' for Howard Hawks. The rushes on 'Red River,' for which 20th Century-Fox loaned me, won me a test for 'Nightmare Alley,' and the test got me the rôle of Nettie in 'Kiss of Death.'" Of course, the test, combined with the rushes on "Kiss of Death," also won her the rôle of Molly in "Nightmare Alley."

"Incidentally," Coleen continued, "I have a scroll to prove that Susan is really a Cinderella baby. At the time a diaper service was offering various prizes for whatever baby was born closest to 9:30 A. M. on the mornings their program was broadcast. Susan, born at 5:12 A. M., was announced on the air as the Cinderella baby of her day, and we received a corsage, a picture, a spoon and various gifts given to the Cinderella baby by different merchants. We also got this scroll, which made it official."

"Before I had Susan, I was afraid that I wouldn't know how to handle a baby, and that Susan might not like me because I wasn't the motherly type. I was sure I wouldn't know how to talk to a baby. Susan has brought not only lightness and joy into our lives but has taught me that I have a maternal instinct after all. Susan is wonderful. She adapts herself to any environment. She is sociable and likes many people. She picks flowers, plays with animals and is literally in love with the moon. She wants the moon."

So does her mother, and she stands a good chance of getting it, too.

Right now Rodney is in Europe, gathering material on post-war Europe. He plans to write his impressions, which will be used later on as the basis of a movie on present day Europe.

When I learned that Rodney would be away for six months, I asked Coleen, "But didn't you protest when you knew he'd be away so long?"

Her big blue eyes looked more enormous than ever as she told me, "No, because you see, we're in love. It's important that he make a success of his life. I want him to get ahead. He was so good at his work at 20th Century-Fox that they would have been happy to

keep him busy writing test scenes forever, but with all due respect to the studio, he wants more out of life. When he returns from Europe he will have ideas that many other people in Hollywood never have. He will have an edge on them in all matters concerning the tastes of people in post-war Europe. He will know things you can't get out of books, things that will influence him for the rest of his life."

It looks as if Rodney, like Coleen and Susan, is in love with the moon. I hope all three of them get it. As Coleen says, "If you reach for the moon, you may not get the moon, but you get something pretty close to it."

The Long and Short of It

Continued from page 23

I like a woman who sticks to lines that show her particular figure and personality off to its best advantage. I like high fashion, but I also believe in individuality.

ROBERT TAYLOR: The new styles? They stink! The clothes cover too much, and these words uncover my reaction. Well? You asked for it!

DANA ANDREWS: Why cover up a pair of pretty legs with a long skirt? Personally, I am against them. As for the padded hips, I think anything that distorts a naturally attractive figure is unbecoming. Actually, I like the natural look, so I don't mind the sloping shoulders. However, I don't believe this is the time to force women to buy new wardrobes because it works too much of a hardship on too many people.

PETER LAWFORD: I like a girl who is appropriately dressed at all times. If fashion says long skirts, then why not long skirts? As long as a girl is immaculately groomed and her clothes seem to suit her, that's all that matters as far as I am concerned.

GREGORY PECK: I like women in long skirts, short skirts, padded hips or not—I just like women. I don't like padded shoulders, though. I don't think most men ever have. They give women a military, masculine look.

GLENN FORD: Why don't women have the courage of their convictions and rise in arms against the long skirt decree? If dress designers have their way, it won't be long until calves revert to a barnyard status. How can a girl get out-of-the-corner-of-the-eye glances when she is bundled up like a mummy? At the rate things are going, bald heads will be missing from the theaters' front rows and opticians will go on forced holidays!

KEENAN WYNN: What was good enough for grandpa is good enough for me. I know I like all the curves that seem to be part of the new fashions.

DAN DURYEA: The narrow shoulders, the long skirts, the new dresses designed to make hips look broader are ridiculous. They are not only unbecoming, but they are tough on husbands when they are forced to buy a new wardrobe for their wives in times

like these. Maybe they can't afford it. Besides, when they get through, the wives won't look one half as well as they did before.

JOHN GARFIELD: My pet peeve for a long time has been women who insist upon wearing skirts that are too short. Strangely enough, they are usually the girls with anything but attractive legs. If you'll notice women in restaurants and at parties, you will discover that far too few women are conscious of how they sit down. Their main objective seems to be to sit down as soon as possible and to heck with the way their clothes fall. If longer skirts will eliminate this evil, they can't get too long for me. I'm all for them!

DAN DAILEY: My only objection to the new styles is that my wife will have to buy an entirely new wardrobe—and that's expensive, brother!

DENNIS MORGAN: I was in Paris making "To the Victor" at the start of this controversy, so people keep insisting I should know a lot about it. But I believe that a husband just sticks his neck 'way out when he opens his mouth about fashions. He should sit quietly by until the lady makes up her mind. Just between us, though, I think these extreme styles are ridiculous.

PAT O'BRIEN: I've been married for seventeen years to a girl with beautiful stems and I'm not tired of looking at them, or at curves that are on the level. Most men feel the same way about their wives or sweethearts. If women are going to cover up all their natural charms, why not put them in saris and have done with it?

GENE KELLY: My business is dancing so I don't know very much about fashions, but I am glad that the fashion experts are doing away with padded shoulders. It seems so wonderful to put my arms around my wife and feel her instead of a mass of pads!

PAUL HENREID: I like the longer skirts, but I don't want them to get too long. That just-above-the-ankle length is awkward. Lisl, my wife, came home the other day—she used to be a costume designer, you know—and she had on one of the new dresses with unpadded shoulders. I loved it. It had

a very feminine look. I think women have gone overboard on the broad shoulders, anyway. It's high time we went back to more natural lines. Lately, even the men's shoulders have been too broad. But one thing I don't like to see is padding around the hips. Most women don't have broad enough shoulders to carry this.

ROD CAMERON: Skirts for certain occasions—the cocktail hour, for instance—can be very intriguing the longer length. But women can be such sheep. They are afraid of individuality. I personally think it would look ridiculous to have our co-eds marching enthusiastically across the campus with their skirts flapping just above their ankles. Probably the ugliest styles were just after World War I. We've all heard of the low waistline, the unbecoming length of the skirts of that period. Why can't American women use their heads? Why can't they adapt the more intriguing skirt length for certain occasions and modify the length for active life?

GENE RAYMOND: Let's face it, it's not as much fun when a girl lets down her hem as when she lets down her hair. As a man, I predict that these corsets will be a bust! It occurs to me rather sadly that blending these bustles and what-have-you with budgets will give plenty of girls nothing but headaches. But why do I stick my practical neck out? Women'll wear 'em, and men'll love 'em, anyway. We always have loved 'em—anyway!

PHILIP REED: I like clothes that are in good taste and are not conspicuous. I think the longer skirts and padded hips can be exaggerated to the point where they look faddish. The really well-dressed woman will modify the styles to her own particular figure, the places to which she goes, and the type of life she leads. It would certainly look strange to see a long, tight, slit-up-the-back skirt on the boss's secretary. On the other hand, the same skirt at a cocktail party might be very effective.

FRANCHOT TONE: There's enough subterfuge in the world without carrying things this far! Long skirts for evening are elegant and enchanting, but I don't yearn for shoe-top hemlines, padded curves, and rigid waistlines. I thought women were emancipated, but maybe style is greater than freedom to the adorable sex. They'll always be unpredictable, bless them!

JACK CARSON: I retired to a dark corner today, clapped on my thinking cap, and came up with the answer to long skirts for women: shorter pants for men! Somebody has to display a little calf. I think the correct length for trousers is about six inches below the knee. Of course, I'm leaving my tuxedo full length for formal, you understand!

ZACHARY SCOTT: From the conversations that I overhear between my wife and her friends, I understand the fashions are going back to the styles of the 1920's and 30's, with emphasis on long skirts. At the moment, I'm making a picture with Diana Lynn

called "Prelude to Night," which spans the years from 1922 to the present, and in which Diana wears at least a dozen outfits from the 20's. I think they are extremely feminine and attractive, and Diana looks wonderful in them. If they are a preview of what I'll be seeing on the street this winter, I'm all for them.

BOB STACK: Anent padding: I think 80% of the women are already broad enough—but what am I saying, angel face? Anent corsets: But why do you do that, embraceable you? Anent the skirt lengths: I think American girls have the most beautiful legs in the

world. It must be a plot on the part of Paris (where gams aren't that beautiful) to cover them up. I'm against it. **LOUIS HAYWARD:** When I first noticed them, I thought, "Good God!" But maybe that was my reaction as a husband who has to pay the bills. Now I've made a complete switch. I think if a streamlined woman wants to fix herself up in bunting and bustles and bone, she can achieve some very provocative effects. But I do think it's a season for sylph-like creatures. Perhaps I'm the only one who's worrying about it, but what's going to happen to the fat girl?

Look Out for Louis Jourdan!

Continued from page 27

cently made on Gregory Peck and Guy Madison induced him to watch for some new male bet like Louis. Who, being thus observed by the caliph of Culver City, was whisked from Paris to the shores of the Pacific. Taking up residence quite literally at the seaside, where he found an apartment in Santa Monica's most fashionable hotel, nine months of careful coaching in the English language preceded Louis' debut as co-star with Greg Peck, Valli, and Ann Todd in "The Paradine Case," a suspense-laden melodrama of modern London.

Fortunately for Louis, he was discovered by one of the perfectionists among movie producers. Selznick insists unmined quality needs the best of direction right from the beginning in Hollywood. Louis, therefore, has had top-drawer director Alfred Hitchcock, no less, at the helm of his first picture here. Hitchcock is meticulousness itself in explaining just how each scene can be most effective.

"At first I did not understand Mr. Hitchcock sufficiently," Louis admits with the fearless truthfulness that is a basic trait. Another characteristic is his willingness to follow expert advice without traditional Latin temperament. "I did not feel as though I were doing some of my scenes correctly, but I went against my instinct and did them as instructed regardless. I found when I saw the rushes how right Mr. Hitchcock was. He handles all his players with great sensitivity, so that you like believing blindly in him. He rehearses far more than the average director before he ever starts the cameras. I like this practice. After his general rehearsal he then directs each actor individually. He has a wonderful talent for creating physical actions. He works for a pictorial result primarily, contends that little details and pertinent movements count much more than the words one says." At one time Hitchcock trained four cameras on four actors simultaneously solo-emoting; the director and cutter eventually edited from all that was garnered in this complicated way. Such a challenge is what Louis enjoys about his chosen work; there will invariably be, he points out with a satisfied gleam, new demands like this to be met.

What quickly strikes you when you

have lunch with him and his petite, attractive blonde wife Quique (pronounced just *Keek*) is that here is no mere profile to be puffed up. Exceptionally handsome, as you can estimate, in person he is a lithe six feet tall, and moves with the relaxed grace of a man who has always deliberately excelled in healthful sports. He's too sophisticated to be vain. He isn't at all naïve, but in his refined poise there's nothing of the blasé. In talking about himself he didn't build up his past dramatically, for he likes everything to be in a reasonable proportion. He has enough natural ego to make his way in competitive Hollywood, and an accompanying humility that is deeply ingratiating. Honesty from Louis is not crude, but comes wrapped in the easy good manners of gentility, garnished with the wit only a wise cosmopolitan background provides. The pleasant, extra surprise is that he possesses more than his looks and acting ability.

Now twenty-six, he confesses he didn't dare tell his family that his ambition in life was to become an actor. That hit him in his early teens. "I don't know why parents usually are shocked at such a desire," he says. "My father was broad-minded. Still, I did not think it would suit him. So I went into acting by the side. I said I wished to go to dramatic school in Paris, to learn to become an assistant director in films." That seemed sensible enough to get by.

Eldest of three sons in a well-to-do French family, Louis was born in Marseilles. He began acquiring his polish while an infant. His father was in the hotel business, owning a succession of first-class hotels, so they customarily were on the move every few years until he was ten. While he was still a baby the Jourdans lived in London for two years. From there they crossed Europe to reside in Constantinople. By his tenth birthday, however, Louis' family was comfortably settled in the hotel his father by then owned in swanky Cannes. They remained there, except for joyous regular visits to Paris where they maintained a city apartment.

Growing up amid the luxuries of the sunny Riviera was a nice life, pre-war. Louis recalls a completely happy boyhood, quite untroubled by any of the ten-

sions which lead to maladjusted personality and adult complexes. As a consequence of the very favorable conditioning his parents gave him he today has no twists to overcome, and with no inner conflicts is that singular person who has no complaints. He attended the best private schools. "I was a miserable pupil insofar as my grades went," he admits with no regret. "My only good subject was English, which I learned to read and write but not speak."

Since it's become conventional for Hollywood stars to exclaim about what rebels against routine they've been, Louis' past wherein he had no cause to be defiant is practically a novelty. "I was not a rebel as a little boy. I didn't try to smoke, I went to bed early, I was easy to handle. A very bad temper was my chief fault. I could lost it too fast." Incidentally, this was the only time in our long talk that he lost track of his English verb tenses! "I made a tremendous amount of sports," Louis went on apropos of his adolescence. That is not typically French, one gathers. "In France the mind comes first in all schools. They lack open spaces by the schools for the children to play, except at the most expensive academies. Ordinarily but one hour a week for boring gym is allotted for exercise. Sometimes on Sunday a boy or girl may go swimming indoors." That national way did not suit one as active as Louis, who maneuvered time to shine in all the outdoor fun the Riviera offered its wealthy guests. "I think your American school system is much better. Children as a whole here are more healthy because your schools are located in a cleaner atmosphere physically, with playgrounds officially part of them. We have no co-education in French high schools. I think the American plan for boys and girls to be together in adolescence is better, because then there is no artificial mystery."

He was shy, which led him into habitual observance of the politeness that now distinguishes him. He read much, and this zest for facts privately pursued evolved into his great desire to learn well whatever he undertakes. Frequent trips around France on holidays early took provincialism out of him.

At sixteen he met Jean Pierre Aumont, who was already cutting a swathe as a French film actor. "I was just a boy who wanted to be an actor and he was kind to me. Actors," Louis maintains, "have a special sort of mind. They are aware of themselves from necessity. It is something a non-actor seldom comprehends." Jean Pierre, visiting on the Riviera, sensed Louis' aptitude for an acting career and encouraged him when he needed it. After ten years they're still fine friends in today's Hollywood.

When he was eighteen Louis diplomatically engineered parental approval for a future as an assistant director in films, and enrolled in Rene Simon's excellent dramatic school in Paris with that goal ostensibly in view. While home on vacation who should come guesting at his father's hotel but Tyrone Power! Ty gave Louis a miniature gold camera on a neck chain as an omen of good fortune, and Louis still wears it today. David Niven and George Raft were also Holly-

wood guests at the Jourdans' Grand Hotel, and meeting them further inspired Louis with the ambition to ultimately get to California himself. He progressed from his drama school to little rôles on the professional stage in Paris, then pretty promptly to the lead in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" behind the metropolitan footlights. A French motion picture talent scout noticed him and Louis won his first film rôle. It was the second lead in "Le Corsair," starring Charles Boyer.

The only true hardship in Louis' life has been the war, which didn't hurt him personally. That is, it slowed up his budding career and he grieved for what it did to his father and many of his friends. But he is quite stern in refusing to "ham it up" so far as he himself was concerned. He doesn't need publicity that badly. The French declaration of war with Germany halted production on his initial opportunity with Boyer. Louis returned home to Cannes, too young for the French army. Since Italy had not entered the war yet he accepted an offer to act in an Italian film which ace French director Jean Renoir was to direct. Louis reached Rome all right, but that one was stopped cold, too, by Mussolini's sudden stab at France. Hurrying home, Louis was thrown into the maelstrom of the behind-the-lines confusion. Two and a half months later the Germans took Paris and rolled half-way South to Cannes. The Occupation followed in full force, and like many another bewildered young Frenchman Louis could do nothing but patiently wait for some chance to strike back.

Early the next year (1941) the Germans let the French start production of a few films with no political import. Louis thus got to begin before the cameras. He played leads with Danielle Darrieux and Raimu, top stars, that year. He also met Quique when he went home between those jobs. She was vacationing in Cannes. Theirs was not love at first sight. Nor was theirs an especially turbulent romance. Her background was similar to his; they share good taste and enthusiasm for winning niceties via integrity. At their introduction they spoke but three or four words and both were indifferent. Two months later Louis was dining in a crowded restaurant with one of his brothers and she came in and looked for a table in vain. After all, he is handsome—couple that with Quique's hunger that evening, and of course she compromised and asked if she might sit with them. He thought her less aloof and she found him intelligent by the time the dessert materialized.

"We grew gradually in love, though!" Louis won't dramatize just to make snappy copy. They knew one another for two years before they married, and they're now in their fourth year of marriage. Louis won leads in three French films with top stars the year following their meeting. That was prelude to a full stop once more. The Nazis informed him he'd either act in pro-German propaganda films from then on or get out of Paris. He got out, returned to Cannes, and soon his father was arrested by the Gestapo. "He was kept in jail without charges, just held there for months," Louis recalls. After Jourdan, Sr., was re-

leased Louis fled to a little town in central France where he joined the underground. "I think Quique and I fell in love with absence. She sent me little packages of food!" He won't let his service in the underground be emphasized. "Everybody says they were in the underground. No bullets streaked past my head, anyway. I worked as a helper in printing and distributing a mimeographed newspaper. That is what they asked me to do, and so that is what I did." The deadly danger involved is insistently skipped.

After the Liberation he resumed in French films, which brings us full circle to Selznick's discovering and importing him. Louis came over alone and spent his first month being shown the sights of New York City by representatives of his American studio. "I was too lonesome for Quique to really have fun. Sometime I want to go back and see the main part of New York, beyond Park and Fifth Avenue and the theatrical district. What I saw is the phoney part. Someday I would like to act in a play on Broadway, when I will be more sure of my lingo."

Exceedingly anxious to make good in America, he brings no affectations. It's refreshing to learn he isn't hanging onto far-away tricks to attract. He adopts American customs as fast as he can. He has worked most diligently to erase his French accent, has little of it left. "They made me a French Canadian in 'The Paradine Case' to account for any remaining foreign intonation. I will always be proud of my country," he hastens to add, "but I have always wanted to come to Hollywood and succeed here." He's had two English coaches, one for phonetics and one for conversation, and says he spoke in a monotone at first in order to begin thinking in English. He gets a charge out of using slang. "I want to say a thing is 'okay-dokay' when it is!" he exclaims with a wide smile.

He crossed to California purposely by train, instead of air, so he could actually see as much as possible of America. Louis wired his good friend Jean Pierre Aumont when he would arrive and Jean Pierre drove to the station in Los Angeles and waited fruitlessly for him. It seems the New Yorkers had tipped Louis off to the fact that movie people always disembark at Pasadena and avoid the downtown crush. So he did what he thought was proper, took a taxi to the Aumont residence, and welcomed Jean Pierre home! The Aumonts' is the only place where Louis and Quique speak French now. "We try to talk only in English, but we know each other so well that it is hard to do!"

The Jourdans have been welcomed with open arms socially in Hollywood because of their genuine cosmopolitan charm. The day before I lunched with them in the dining-room of their hotel by-the-sea they had Sundayed with gusto at the Van Johnsons' new Santa Monica home. Louis enjoys tennis with Van on the splendidly constructed court in Van's garden. "That court is surrounded by high, thick walls so there is a terrific echo. Each hit with your racquet screeches and echoes and you feel especially powerful!" Quique admits she'd

rather watch than try anything so strenuous, so she and Evie Johnson had sat politely on the terrace above the court. "Our wives were very nice. They applauded!" Louis adds that afterwards he cooked Sunday night supper for the foursome, reveling in all the pots and pans he found in the Johnsons' kitchen. The Jourdans had a small kitchen in their hotel apartment at the time and he indulged in cooking as an avocation. "My father always had fine cooking in his hotels, and his chefs used to teach me some of their secrets. So I inherited liking to cook."

Quique confesses she didn't inherit it, and now that they have bought a house she'll be content overseeing that everything is always in its place. "I will like supervising housekeeping," she says. They weren't separated long, for a week after Louis arrived in Hollywood he made a long distance phone call to Paris and told her to start West immediately. She tarried but one day in New York City, went on a shoe binge that day. "Shoes have been so scarce in France I'd only had one new pair in five years. I bought ten pair when I reached New York. Louis thought I was crazy, but you can't imagine what a thrill it was." She brought a complete Parisian wardrobe which Louis had helped her select, has bought nothing to wear in Hollywood because her clothes still are ahead of the styles. She likes him to go with her when she shops for clothes. "It is smart to take your husband because then he sees so many pretty dresses he grows enthused and says take more than just one thing! Shopping in France has been no pleasure for years. They never have the color or material you want, and you have to wait six months for everything you order." They lived in the Jourdans' family apartment just off the Champs Elysee. "There was a shop on our street," Louis recalls, "which sold coal of varying qualities, and coal is so precious they put pieces in the shop windows—in beautiful baskets, like rare fruit! If you buy coal in January it is delivered in August; that is how scarce it is. We've sent lots of candles home because we used to be so cold our fingers couldn't relax enough even to write."

Until they were finally able to locate and buy a house in Beverly Hills, the Jourdans had always lived in hotels and apartments. Their hotel-apartment in Santa Monica was a new experience to them, since in Europe tenants must provide their own furnishings. "Hotel life is so boring," says Quique, who was not quite as patient as Louis until they moved into their new home. "It's the house I wanted," she says, "with lots of big windows to let the California sun pour in, with comfortable chairs so friends will want to visit, and all the modernisms suitable for this climate. But not all-modernistic; when the furnishings are complete, I'd like some formality in the dining room, and my bedroom will be frankly feminine."

They now feel particularly at home at the Douglas Fairbankses'. Who rate the supreme praise: "They're nice people!" Hollywood's brand of charades, known as The Game, fascinates the Jourdans. They encountered it first at Mr. Selz-

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nick's home, and just recently at Merle Oberon's as the after-dinner divertissement. You have to pantomime words. "The worst you can act, the more fun it is," Louis explains. A stop watch cares for the time limit. The Jourdans are still chuckling over the Oberon party at which Lana Turner acted out "June Is Busting Out All Over" and Rex Harrison wrestled with illustrating "The Confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers." Louis has a singing flair and good-naturedly does a little crooning during musical hours at parties.

He wears a gold wedding ring matching hers, affectionately dubs her his Shadow. They're never partners at cards because they learned they'd argue over hands and arguments might linger. Since they were wed quietly during the Occupation they realize the realities of life, in every respect. Quique has been avidly studying English to equal Louis' enunciation. She reads much every day and guesses at strange words from the context. "At first they feel sorry for me here," she laughs, "but now I understand and talk, too!"

She had to be excused to take her driving lesson, her first one. Louis shook his head at this independence of hers. "I think Quique has not the traits for driving. Sometime her reflexes will be too

suddenly startled and she won't know what to do fast!" She protested, "But I don't want to stay home all the time! I will learn to drive you to the studio. When the car does something bad I will understand it! You mustn't doubt me, or they may not give me a license. I will drive very quiet. No tickets!"

At which Louis had to smile again and confess he has received a number of them from California's traffic cops. There are no traffic regulations in France, but with his marked adaptability he's getting used to this American phenomenon. "I like the way a law rules here," he philosophizes about traffic cops. "In France it's all a matter of a cop's individual standpoint. If he *feels* like it, before you can do anything wrong, he's liable to arrest you!"

Louis concedes he lacks business ability, a trait he admires vastly in Americans—and in Quique. He can't be nailed to the wall with undiplomatic questions; he parries with a direct "I'd rather not answer that one!" and gilds such a reply with the Jourdan personality. Aside from these faults, which shouldn't cramp his rise to any detrimental degree, I found his ecstatic interest in boogie-woogie and all forms of jive worthy of note. He couldn't wait to buy a record-changer and he haunts record shops. So far Duke Ellington is his favorite bandleader.

Western But Not Wild

Continued from page 45

only realized that there was gold in them thar hills, but that cowboy actors can continue to make movies until they have to be lifted bodily onto their nags; and that, further, their fans are more loyal, more affectionate, more truly enthusiastic than any other group of worshippers in the world.

This is the purely business side of the subject, however. There is another, more important side as far as Bill himself is concerned: he would rather ride a horse than be president, be the first man on the moon, be the man alone on a desert island with Lana Turner. These words sound incredible, we know. They are nonetheless true. If Bill Elliott were given his choice of prominence (or obscurity) in any single occupation on earth, he would answer unhesitatingly, "I want to be a cowboy actor in pictures."

The strange—and wonderful—part of the tale is that Bill, as against many of his cinema colleagues, actually was and is a cowboy. He started falling off horses when he was too young to know what was happening. He was riding herd in Missouri for his father when he was still trying to spell "cat" correctly. And Elliott *père*, you should know, was first a breeder and then a member of a commission house which bought and sold cattle for other breeders. Thus, Bill was constantly surrounded by the lowing throng, and liked it so much that by the time he had reached his teens he, too, was buying, selling, and otherwise handling the beasts in the Kansas City Stockyards. To this day, by the way, he is recognized as one of the finest cattle judges in the country.

With this background, it was not astounding that Bill, when he went to the movies as an adolescent, invariably bought himself a ticket to a Western. And that Tom Mix and Bill Hart became his gods. It seemed to him then, as it does now, that being *paid* to do what you most wanted to do; to have a job which influences young America in an honorable fashion because of the very nature of the cowboy hero's character; to become well-known and go on in the same happy condition for years and years—that these things created the most wonderful career a man could have. With that in mind, then, he hopped a freight shortly after his seventeenth birthday and came to Hollywood. He, too, would have a piece of that magnificence.

Hollywood knew nothing and cared less about his plans. And Bill had no money and no contacts in the studios. So, after a few months of nearly starving to death and of riding like crazy on the rare occasions when someone did hire him, he sat down and talked things over with himself.

He was at that point, as he is today, a sensible guy. He handles his many affairs at present with calmness and dispatch. He seldom gets ruffled. Instead, he sits down, thinks out the best course for himself, and goes ahead under a full head of steam. Such tactics usually pay off. If they don't, he can laugh and will—even at himself.

When he was seventeen, the laugh was on him. Far from being welcomed by Hollywood, he wasn't even noticed. But he had learned something in those dismal months; he had discovered that first you

had to have some sort of a bank account before you could really give pictures a whirl; and second, that you had to have some sort of training in your profession. It wasn't all riding horses, in other words; you had to know about acting and where the camera went, too.

This settled, Bill jumped back on that freight and returned to Kansas City, with the sole idea of making himself a big enough stake to see him through his next Western onslaught. There would be another try at the movies, of course. That had been decided ages before.

He speculated in cattle for the next year and, because he was no dope, he wound up with a rather tasty sum. Then he took another train to California. And this time he *paid* for his ticket.

His first move was to enroll in the Pasadena Playhouse. If he had to learn to act, he figured, he might as well do it right. And now he has the distinction of being the only "Head-'em-off-at-Eagle-Pass!" boy to have played Shakespeare and Barrie. In fact, he is almost the only Western star ever to have had any dramatic training at all.

This ability led him to the gates of Columbia, which studio signed him as a leading man, impressed by the fact that he was six-three, had fine blue eyes, a terrific build, and could manage a line with charm. (He hasn't changed a bit, in case you're interested.) And then followed the afore-mentioned drawing room comedies, which Bill would just as soon forget.

At last, Columbia decided to make a ten-episode serial about "Wild Bill" Hickock. Though it meant a loss of prestige in Hollywood's eyes, Bill decided he was going to play Hickock or bust. Ultimately, after a month-long campaign and after everyone in town had decided he had definitely lost his marbles, he got the rôle and romped through it, happy as a clam. It was in that series, incidentally, that his famous "I'm a peaceable man," line started. This, as you doubtless know, was used in nearly every picture he made for years afterwards, and was always the signal for hell to break loose on the screen.

From Columbia's serials he went to Columbia's Western features and then to Republic, Home of the Ten-Gallon Hat. This studio was—and is—heaven to Bill. For at Republic, if you *don't* ride a horse, you're peculiar. And there he became so prominent that now he makes only two pictures a year with big stars in the casts, has been accorded the dignity of having his name changed to "William," and takes home a very nice hunk of dough every Wednesday night.

Bill is an amazing guy. In the first place, unlike many of his fellows, he does not carry cowboy-ism to extremes, much as he likes the racket and knows it. He never wears a flowered shirt, for instance; instead, he dresses both off-screen and on like a Texan, in suits of superb gabardine which are beautifully and simply tailored, in magnificent hand-tooled boots, in conservative colors. He does not mind being photographed with a cigarette in his hand, and will offer his guests a drink. He wears Western clothes almost constantly because he honestly

believes that they are the most comfortable garb in the world, not because the front office thinks it's good publicity. Yet, recently, he had six normal business suits made and bought some ordinary brogues, which he puts on when the mood strikes him.

He is happily married to a delightful, humorous, blonde gal named Helen whom he met almost twenty years ago when she was working at I. Magnin's. Then, he made life horrible for her until she agreed to become his wife. She has never regretted it. They have one daughter, Barbara, who is now attending Sarah Laurence College in Bronxville, New York, and bringing pride to Bill's peepers by running the school radio broadcasts.

He is also amazing in his own profession. First, he can and does manage a horse better than any man in Hollywood. Until the president of Republic decided his limbs were too valuable for such things, he never used a double either in a fight scene or in trick riding. His wallow was famous, and he used to lay out his opponents in rows. Further, he was a Douglas-Fairbanks-Sr.-on-horseback. Before the edict came, he made a practice of jumping from twenty-foot walls onto his horse, dashing through flaming buildings, and such cozy things. Even now, he argues against having anyone stand in for him, and we ourselves watched him rope a gun out of a man's hand—Bill going at a full gallop on a horse which further complicated things by being gun-shy! Too, he is one of the best shots in the country, and the Republic lot would be littered with bodies if the shells he occasionally uses in pictures were not blanks.

And, above all, he is the only Western star who actually runs a working, paying ranch. Bill's lay-out is near Sacramento, is a minute chunk of land of only 2,346 acres, and is stocked with over five hundred head of cattle. Though appearances at rodeos and shows and the making of movies prohibit his being there as much as he would like, he, and no one else, runs the place. And he is proud of the fact that he just made a handsome profit by selling 200 calves to the Eastern market. (The market didn't have a chance!)

It was at his ranch, incidentally, that Bill's most embarrassing experience in the past ten years occurred. It seems that he and his boys were taking the cattle to the summer ranges in the mountains and that Bill's horse was rather green about the whole thing. Suddenly, therefore, Mr. Elliott, whose years of stunt-riding had never brought him a scratch, found himself on the ground with the horse on top of him. When they removed the body, who was hanging her head at not being able to keep her footing, they found Our Willie with a leg beautifully broken in several places. This resulted in a plaster cast which he wore for nearly three months, meanwhile making personal appearances on crutches, and also was the cause of so many inquiries that he finally had a sign printed to hang on his chest. The notice read, "No, I did not fall off my horse."

The leg has healed now and doesn't bother him astride a nag, but it is some-

Are you in the know?



To a clever hostess, what's a good mixer?

- ☐ Cement
- ☐ Circus party
- ☐ Cola and Hamburgers

When it's your turn to entertain, be different! Pin up home-made circus posters . . .

have your guests come dressed like a Big Top troupe. It's a mixer that can't miss! And don't you miss the fun—even if your calendar says "Killjoy is here"! Whatever your costume, those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent telltale outlines. And what with that exclusive safety center giving you extra protection—you'll be gay as a calliope!



If you're chatter-shy, which date is wisest?

- ☐ Dancing
- ☐ Dinner
- ☐ An active sport

Maybe you're no whiz at small talk. Suggest some active sport you shine at—and conversation will take care of itself. You're confident, too (on "those" days) with the comfort of new Kotex. For there's never been a napkin like this new Kotex! With downy softness that holds its shape. Made to stay soft while you wear it. And you can bend as freely as you please, for your Kotex Sanitary Belt doesn't bind: it's adjustable, all-elastic!



She'll cut more ice with him if she—

- ☐ Grooms those gams
- ☐ Goes in for hockey
- ☐ Plays oh-so-helpless

On a skate-date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzzless . . . shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of napkin aids your self-assurance. Choose from the 3 sizes of Kotex . . . there's one that's perfect for your own special needs!



More women choose KOTEX^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

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what stiff when a script calls for a quick sprint. Bill is still abashed about the whole thing.

When in Hollywood, the Elliotts top anyone in bizarre places to live. Inasmuch as they sold their Encino house when they bought the ranch and must, at the same time, have a *pied a terre* in Southern California, they are now ensconced in a made-over warehouse on the Edward Everett Horton estate. This must have been some warehouse, by the way, for Horton and Mrs. Elliott developed it into a two-bedroom cottage, complete with kitchen, entrance hall, dining room, and large living room. Helen furnished it Early American style, and it is now wonderful with copper lamps and chintz and leaded glass.

One room is, of course, set aside for Bill's wardrobe—and this is no laughing matter. For he owns, both for work and not, the following: 30 pairs of hand-made boots; 25 hats; 60 shirts; 50 pairs of trousers; 15 cowboy suits of cavalry twill; 8 suede-and-tweed jackets; 60 silk

scarves; 12 belts; 12 buckles of silver, gold, and other metals; and dungarees, work clothes, the previously-mentioned six business suits, and what-have-you. All of this was bought out of his own pocket, we might add; that's one of the less brilliant sides about being a Western star. The total expense comes to something like \$10,000 and does not include the saddles, bits, and other equine equipment he must also have.

But to Bill such an outlay is a minor detail. And, when you consider his weekly wages, we suppose it isn't too vital. Yet there is more to it than that. If they made a new rule which said that the actors had to pay the studios for the chance to do cowboy operas, Bill would be first in line with his offering. He's funny that way. He's a peaceable, nice, wise guy—and he loves his work. He insists fervently, "I think I'm one of the few really lucky people in the picture business."

William, old shoe, you can say that again!

Hollywood Takes Hart

Continued from page 41

even beyond this. Truly handsome, his face has a poetic quality without ever losing vivid masculinity; he is completely at ease in period costume; he is thoroughly American, and yet, for instance, in 'Green Dolphin Street' he can seem adequately the Channel Islander of British birth. His appeal should be both to women, romantically, and to men, heroically."

The person who's least excited over all that has happened to him is Richard Hart himself. He's not the excitable type—in fact, he's a little on the skeptical side, or maybe cautious is the word. Anyway, he believes in things after they've happened and not before, so he's taking everything in his stride.

All this did not happen as suddenly as you might think, for Dick Hart, though new to Hollywood, is by no means new to acting. He was playing the lead in "Dark of the Moon" on the New York stage when Metro talent scouts first approached him. Yes, he told them, he wanted to come to Hollywood, but not at that time, because he wanted to stay with the play. The Metro people, knowing he was worth waiting for, got his name on the dotted line of a long-term contract, and agreed to wait for a year. That was in March, 1945.

The following spring, when Dick was with the play in Chicago, he received a wire from the studio, asking him to report at once. Until he arrived in California, he had no idea what part he was being considered for, and had never even made a test.

"My wife and I flew out here on 24 hours notice," he recalls. "My agent met us at the airport and brought me right to the studio. In fact, I was still wobbling from the plane trip when I started to work."

When asked, if he had thought about working in pictures before he was signed, Dick replied, "Yes, I had given quite a bit of thought to the idea. Two or three

years ago, I had a chance to come out to another studio, but I turned it down because I felt I needed more experience on the stage. I think I'll always want to go back to the stage to work occasionally, and my contract says I can go back for a year on the stage after I've been here two years. But I like working in pictures very much. At first I was afraid of the camera. I soon got over that, though. That's something you learn awfully fast. One thing that surprised me, you have to be so darned truthful in front of that camera. It certainly doesn't lie. In a closeup, for instance, the camera will even show your thoughts. You have to be much more realistic, much more natural in pictures than on the stage, where everything has to be overdone a little. I think every actor should do some work in movies. I think it helps people in their stage work."

"Had you ever met Miss Garson before?" he was asked.

"No, I hadn't," said Dick. "I was first introduced to her on the set. It was almost one of those cases they're always telling about where you go into a love scene and afterwards someone says, 'Oh, by the way, have you two met?' But she was wonderfully nice to me. Luckily I knew Margaret Webster, the director, in New York. Margaret happens to be a great friend of Greer's and had written her to be nice to a fellow named Hart when he came knocking at her door. So when I was introduced to her, she recognized my name and said, 'Oh, are you the one Margaret wrote me about? Well, you're not only knocking at the front door—you're in the house with your feet on the mantelpiece.'"

Dick is the young man who was washed off the rocks with Greer Garson when the company was on location up near Monterey, and he narrowly missed another dunking when the "Green Dolphin Street" company started work on location at Klamath River, in northern

California. The first scene took place on a lumber barge made of two Maori canoes, where Lana had come to bid him goodbye. The scene finished, Dick and Lana stepped off the barge, just in the nick of time, it turned out. For the barge suddenly flopped over on its side and sank. Dick is now convinced that he was destined to be a landlubber, and hopes to stay on dry land in future pictures.

Richard Hart (which, incidentally, is the name his parents gave him) was born in Providence, Rhode Island. His flair for acting showed up during his childhood when he used to put on regular backyard theatricals with his brother and sister. But it was a long time before he thought of acting as anything but recreation. By the time he entered Brown University, where he graduated in 1936, he was more interested in athletics, being particularly adept in baseball, hockey and soccer, and in 1935 was chosen All-American center half-back in soccer. He never once took part in a college play.

On the scholastic side, he majored in psychology and English, and graduated with the firm intention of becoming a journalist. In the spring of his senior year at Brown, he sent in his application to Columbia University for post-graduate work in journalism. About that time some of the boys in his fraternity house (he's an Alpha Delta Phi) were planning to go to Europe and spend the summer bicycling through Brittany.

Dick's family heard about this project and asked if he wouldn't like to join the other boys. He would and he did. By the time he got home, the fall semester had begun, and that was the end of his journalism course. However, the bicycling trip more than compensated, for he saw history in the making as few young men have the opportunity.

"It rained nearly all the time," Dick relates, "but I had a wonderful time. We went through Brittany and on to Heidelberg and through the Black Forest. We saw Hitler in Munich—it was 1936, and there was quite a bit of stuff going on then. He was riding down the street in an open car, accompanied by a lot of storm troopers. They had a big Nazi flag in front of the monument for the Unknown Soldier, and all the Germans, as they went past, would salute and say, 'Heil Hitler!' They didn't insist that tourists do the same, but they expected you to. We didn't, and if dirty looks could kill you, I wouldn't be telling about it now. We had a distinct feeling that the sooner we left after that, the better it would be, and we wasted no time about it."

Home again, Dick felt that he must get to work at something, and he chose selling—not because he thought he'd like it, but because he knew he'd hate it!

"You see, in New England," he explained, "you get this thing—that if you hate something, you should do it. I couldn't imagine anything worse than selling magazines from door to door, so that's what I decided to do! I remember being in Bedford at the time the World Series was on. I walked into a store one day where a lot of the townspeople were clustered around the radio listening to the ball game, and started my spiel.

They all turned around, glaring at me, and yelled, 'Shut up!' I was no good at this magazine stuff, so I soon gave it up. Then I sold coal and oil—until I ran out of friends. I couldn't make a sale to any but friends."

For three years after the collapse of his selling career, Dick worked in the offices of the Gorham Silver Company. During this period, Dick and his whole family—mother, father, brother and sister—began working with the Providence Players, doing everything from scene shifting to playing small parts. This was all in the spirit of fun, and still Dick never considered acting as a way to make a living.

However, in 1940, en route to try out for a newspaper job, he stopped off at Tiverton, Rhode Island, to visit his friend, Bert Hughes, who was directing a summer stock company known as The Shoestring Players. Hughes had written an original play called "The Princess and the Hitchhiker" for which he needed a juvenile lead, and Dick just filled the bill. And that was what really wrote "finis" to Dick's journalistic ambitions.

The Shoestring Players were organized on a co-operative basis, so in addition to acting, Dick served as general handy man behind the scenes. The show was presented in the town hall. Admission was sixty cents, and when a handsome profit was rolled up, Dick got a new slant on the theatrical business and decided to stick with it. But he determined to begin at the beginning, and forthwith enrolled with the Tamara Daykarhanova Dramatic School in New York, where he spent two and a half years acquiring a thorough grounding in the fundamentals of acting, speech, dramatic technique, diction, posture. He also did a few soap operas on the radio to help the exchequer.

Dick's first professional stage appearance was in a documentary play sponsored by the U. S. Agricultural Department, to publicize conservation of food during wartime. It was called "It's Up to You," and written by Elia Kazan. Experience was all that Dick got out of this assignment, since the admission was free.

Next came an engagement in summer stock at White Plains. His first rôle was with Tallulah Bankhead and Fred Keating in "Her Cardboard Lover." Dick had only two lines to speak, and those were never heard, for he had to deliver them right after Keating's entrance, which always set off a thunderous round of applause.

Returning home to Providence, Dick joined up with the Cambridge Players, where he played everything from juveniles to aged misers. And here, love walked in, paradoxically enough while Dick was appearing in "Without Love" opposite Constance Bennett. Also in the cast was Louise Valery, who a few months later became Mrs. Richard Hart.

When the Cambridge Players put on "Dark of the Moon," with Carol Stone as guest star, Mrs. Hart played the Witch Girl, and Dick the young country boy who was bewitched. The Shuberts came from New York to see it. Dick was sure they would take the play and leave him out, replacing him with a "name"

from Broadway. But he needn't have worried. They took both Dick and Miss Stone, and after seven weeks on the road, the play opened in New York for a ten months' run. And that's where you came in.

During his first year in California, Dick worked constantly, for he went from the shooting of "Desire Me" into "Green Dolphin Street" with hardly time to catch his breath in between.

Mrs. Hart was busy too, with preparations for an expected heir or heiress. One evening last December shortly before the baby was expected—more shortly than they realized—the young Harts attended a preview. As the picture unreeled, Mrs. Hart was aware of warning signs. When they came out of the theater, instead of going home, she went straight to the hospital, where a baby daughter made her appearance—all this on the night of Friday the 13th!

Naturally the event was celebrated next day on the "Green Dolphin Street" set. Lana Turner, whose thoughtfulness is well known, organized the affair, and the whole company and crew threw a hilarious shower for Dick, literally snowing him under with all sorts of gag gifts as well as the practical items like diapers, books on the care and feeding of infants, etc.

It was not until late spring of this year that Dick had time for a vacation. Honeymoon is what they called it, since there had been no time for one at the time of their marriage or since. At first opportunity, they took off, baby and all, for Ensenada, Mexico, where they spent

several weeks. And when little Miss Hilary Hart grows up, if she ever wants to impress her grandchildren with what a really special grandma they've got, she can tell them how she accompanied her parents on their honeymoon.

There followed several months of well-earned freedom from work. Dick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Hart, came out from Providence to visit them for a few weeks. After their departure, Dick and his wife spent another vacation at Palm Springs, long after the height of the season there, but the Harts are the last people in the world to be bothered by any such technicality as that. They left the baby at home with a nurse this time, fearing the desert heat would not be good for her. By-passing the fashionable resorts, they rented a little bungalow, cooked their own meals, bicycled all over the desert, and basked in the sun till they were as dark as natives. When they came home, even their baby didn't recognize them.

By the time you make Dick's acquaintance on the screen, he will probably be up to his ears in work again, for the studio is bristling with plans for him. Meantime, Dick is taking things as they come, but he still has his fingers crossed.

"I never count on things ahead of time," he says. "Even after I started on 'Green Dolphin Street' I kept thinking, 'Well, I'll believe this when it's over.' You see, I always think if something good happens, something bad is going to happen later. So whenever I get a lucky break, I just say to myself, 'Sit down, brother, take it easy!'"

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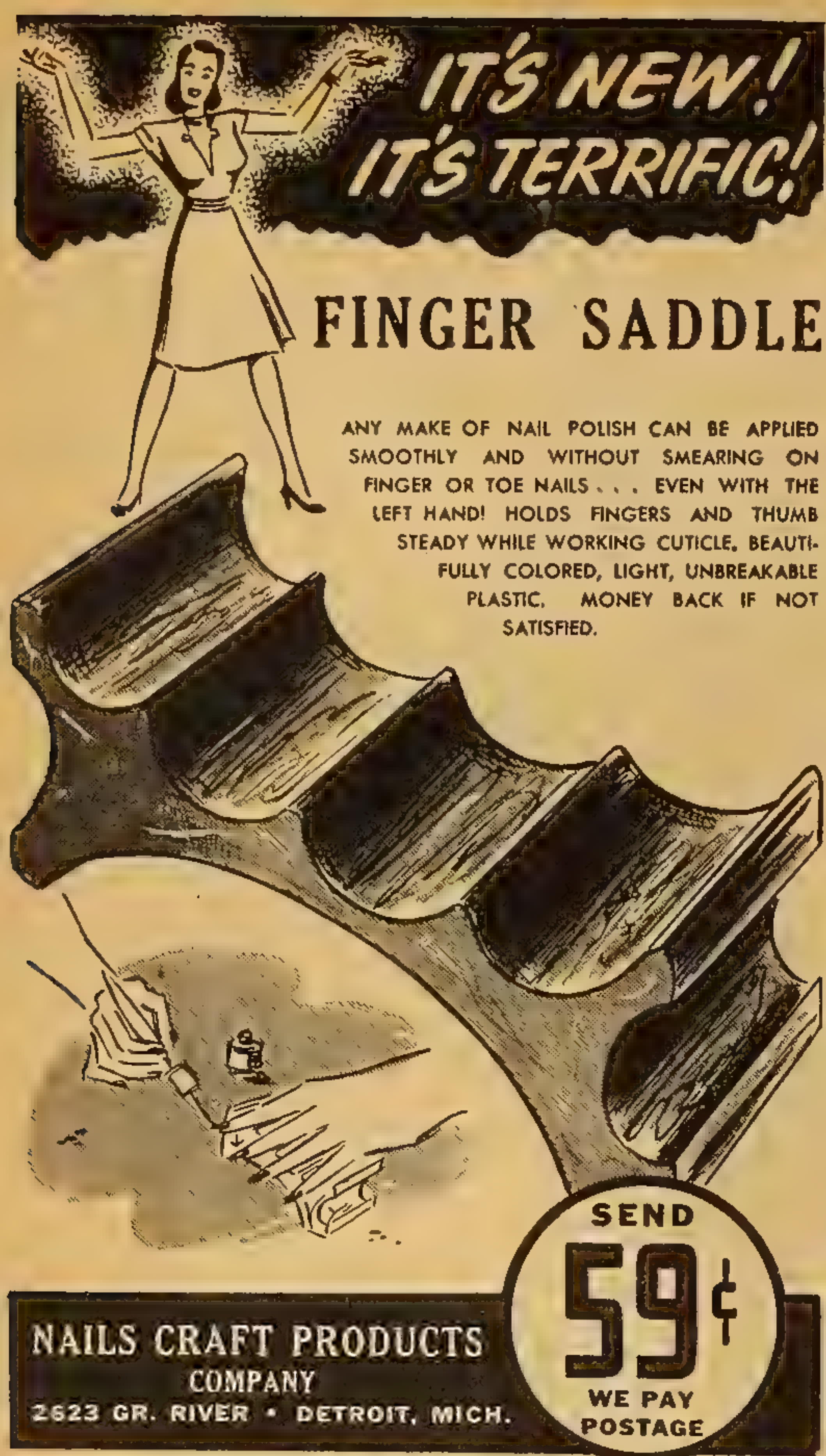
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The Long and Short of It

Continued from page 22

salaried studio designers can't get together on the subject. Designer Howard Greer says positively, "You may not like the new styles, but you'll be wearing them!" On the other hand, Edith Head does not favor the longer lengths, and Adrian is sticking stubbornly by the square shoulder silhouette that brought his first fame. In "Ride the Pink Horse," Yvonne Wood tries a compromise with skirts that are neither too short nor too long. Indeed, costume pictures seem to be the only safe bet insofar as studio dress designers are concerned.

Right now, the trend among manufacturers and designers is toward the longer length in skirts, the draped and padded hip line, and a drastic modification of shoulder pads. Since nothing else is being made, the answer seems to be that American women will be wearing the new styles, or else they won't buy.

This last little barb is what has the manufacturers worried. Their plan to put life blood into the garment industry by creating drastic changes that would necessitate completely new wardrobes for women is backfiring a little. Instead of increasing their buying, women are holding off—letting their old skirts down two inches, taking out exaggerated shoulder pads in favor of the rounded look, putting a bustle here and a bow there in a

sort of halfway compromise with the styles of the future. Therefore, instead of garment sales going up, they are at a standstill.

Because, for the first time in many years, the average American woman is putting up a fight against the edicts of fashion. Despite the fact that this enforced buying of new wardrobes is a definite hypo to the wholesale and retail garment business, some women feel that now is not the time for clothes splurging, with half the countries of Europe still on food and clothes rationing. Indeed, the more grim story in back of the style changes—which began in Paris—is the actual hunger of Europe. Parisian women need longer skirts and padded hips to hide too thin figures caused by lack of food.

Nevertheless, regardless of female opinions for and against the new styles, it will be male opinion which will determine whether or not they are here to stay. Designers have long held that women dress to please women. Well, we shall see! For here we predict that what the average American male likes on his lady fair is what she will be wearing. To get a real cross-section of male opinions, SCREENLAND queried Hollywood's top stars. Read their answers, and YOU can take it from there!

Hair Styles à La Hutton

Continued from page 16

So let's take our hats off to those ladies who work so hard to entertain us on the screen and yet have time to look attractive. Let's delve further into the subject. How do they do it?

Well, to begin with, it's the same old story, they take care of themselves. And in doing so, their first concern is to get that topknot in perfect condition. Most of them use brushes rather than combs or a combination of the two. Then secondly, they know their hair styles and while they do use different ones on different occasions, they usually stick to a few good basic ones because they are easier to keep. Take Betty Hutton for example. Did you notice the photographs of her on the first page of this epistle? Study them. There really isn't one tricky hairstyle. Yet what could be smarter looking? The upsweeps are the toughest to set by yourself, but even they can be accomplished with a little patience. Just draw the hair up from the back of the neck and fasten it securely with combs. Then apply a little lacquer to help it stay in place. The hair ends on top, you set in rows of curls with hairpins, bob pins or curlers, making certain that every strand has its own place. When you comb them out after drying, you may wear them as Betty does in the small photo second from the top, or you can brush (yes, I said brush) them into soft pomps with the front pomp turning back and the two in the back curled toward

the face as Betty shows you in the bottom photo. Don't be discouraged if it doesn't turn out perfectly the first time you try. It does take a little time to become adept at setting an upsweep.

Braids are so simple to make that I won't tell you how to go about that, but keep them in mind when you have a simple date. They are really awfully cute looking, if, as Betty, you tie fresh ribbons on the ends.

Of course, the soft hair-do is worn by most because it is easiest to keep. A slight dip in the front, then loosely set curls all around the head.

Now look again at the photos. Can't you almost see a shine on Betty's hair? Well, that's not the work of a touch-up artist, that glow is really there.

That shine comes only with a healthy, well-cared-for head of hair. It isn't patented by movie stars, it can belong to anyone with a little effort. Hollywood stars have to look glamorous, so they put forth the effort. So should you.

Perhaps you had the idea that washing oily hair too often is bad for it. Fiddlesticks, these actresses wash their hair three, often four, times a week. They have to or their hair wouldn't look fluffy in photographs or on the screen or anyplace for that matter. Oh, it is so important to have clean-looking hair that I do hope you will heed this warning.

Of course, there are many of you who have dry hair and even dandruff. Thanks

to the laboratories of many cosmetic manufacturers, dry hair can be helped with oil lotions and those of you with dry hair should take advantage of their good work. Brushing goes for dry as well as oily hair, only more so for dry.

Dandruff is really a dilly to get rid of, that I won't deny. Washing carefully with a soapless shampoo helps because there is no film left on the hair. But of course, washing brings only temporary relief, because usually the reason is systemic. Sometimes a check on the diet will reveal that too much starch is being consumed and not enough greens and fruits.

There seems to be a lot of talk these days about false hair pieces and how they can be used. Movie stars use them on the screen occasionally when a particular rôle calls for a girl with a heavy head of hair. But in everyday living, for

you and me, sometimes extra braids, curls and so forth are a great help. Particularly is this true when our own natural mop isn't looking its best. Did you know that you can pay as much as \$100, even more, for false hair? Well, it's true, although there are a few firms who do a really fine job of matching color and thickness and they charge about fifteen dollars for a braid and maybe four dollars for a small curl. Thought you might like to know about these aids for a glamorous coif because they really can be lots of fun to work with.

There, now, is your hair story in a nutshell, so to speak. Did you benefit from it? Most of all, I want to give you determination to do a good job by that topknot of yours, so that no longer need you be envious of a movie star's tricky coif, because you'll have a shining glory that's all your own.

Washington Was Never Like This

Continued from page 33

also learned that Washington was never like this! Not only don't we have Senator Ashtons, but we don't have flation, either. It's tough, but we don't. Just the same, I had never had such mad, wonderful fun before. After all, we had such madhatters on the picture as the producer, Nunnally Johnson, and the director, George Kaufman—both of whom have a sense of humor that is distinctly out of this world. Theirs is a dry wonderful wit you don't always know just how to take.

My first day on the set was typical. I settled myself comfortable on a nice canvas chair. It was marked **GEORGE KAUFMAN** in big bold letters. But I sat down anyway. Presently this very distinguished man came over, and he looked at the chair and he looked at me and then said, soberly, "Thank you!" Whereupon I got up!

I guess all pictures aren't like this one. Everyone was wonderful. Mr. Kaufman was so patient. Once they had a dozen takes of a scene—each time one person would blow his lires—but Mr. Kaufman never raised his voice a fraction. He'd just say, very politely, "Let's try again."

When you think what a man of importance he is in the world of letters and arts, not just in Hollywood, his modesty is amazing. Nor is this just my brash, naïve opinion. It was also the opinion of everyone who worked with him. For the first time in twelve years, the Universal crew presented the Good Egg Trophy to a director. It was also the first time everyone on a picture received a gift. He didn't just go out and order 300 of something, either. He personally selected gifts for every person who worked on that picture. No secretary did it, no publicity department. Considering how busy he is, that was a wonderful gesture.

William Powell was especially nice. He'd say funny things to help me relax so I wouldn't be nervous in that one scene where I had a bit, for this was my first experience with cameras, dollies, sets, and so on. He's a delightful man,

but very reserved. I was interested to see how seriously he takes his work. He always had his lines down pat. Comedy is the hardest acting of all, I believe. If it doesn't come off, it really lays an egg. It's a tribute to William Powell that some of the scenes were so funny that even the crew laughed, and they're a hard-boiled audience.

As we neared the close of the picture, I began to feel that I wasn't exactly the cog that caused all the little wheels to go 'round. For there really wasn't much technical advising to do—since the whole picture is a satire—except on a dream sequence. I wrote my grandfather and told him, "I'm advising on dreams!" And then I sent him a shooting script of the picture. What with its "pan rights" and "fade-outs," I guess he just sighed and thought, "Well, that's Hollywood."

Still, it wasn't just on the set that I had fun. It was everywhere. For Hollywood is like another state, a particularly wonderful state—but completely mad. You have to see it to believe it.

I'll never forget the time I went to my first Hollywood party. It was given by one of Hollywood's most famous hosts. After I arrived, I asked the secretary what people was going to be there. "I haven't the faintest idea," she said. This floored me. In Washington, you have to answer formally every single invitation the day you receive it, even to very small affairs. You know? "Miss Lunn accepts with pleasure your kind invitation for tea December 19th at four o'clock." It's a very formal place. You always know what you are going to be doing two weeks off. Everything is planned. You know you're going to a tea at four, cocktails at six, dinner at eight—ten days ahead. You always dress for dinner; always wear hat and gloves to tea. Out here, there are sports clothes at the Mocambo. People go hatless to cocktail parties. They wear slacks to the Brown Derby. And, out here, it's correct. This is like a resort town. But it's not anything like Washington.

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In Washington, when you go to a party, you are introduced to everyone in the room. Out here you go to a big party, and you are on your own. People introduce themselves, and everyone chats with everyone else, but the talk is mostly shop.

On the other hand, in Washington things sometimes get a bit too stuffy. It's set up on a completely formal basis, you know—with a congressional life and a political life, with ambassadors and diplomats. Strangers are apt to get confused in Washington because such a point is made of protocol. A good example is the seating arrangement at a dinner party. People have been known to get up and walk away from the table if they are not seated correctly. And you can't have ambassadors at the same time because they rank equally, and naturally they can't sit in the same chair! They make a big point out of such things. For instance, they had a great to-do about whether Speaker Martin or Senator Vandenberg should go through the door first at presidential receptions.

You rank according to how long you have been there. My grandfather, Senator Wallace H. White, has been there for years, so he's definitely a part of the old guard. This old guard sometimes seems rather cliquish to outsiders, but it's a basic part of Washington's social structure. It's the kind of society where the mothers and fathers grew up and went to school together. Despite the fact that the idea of Washington is for representatives to go there from every part of the United States, Washington society is anything but transient in feeling. It's very difficult for the newcomer to crack. Rank, formality, position—those are the keys to Washington. This is what makes the differences particularly sharp between Hollywood and Washington. They represent the two extremes of our social setup.

I think the most outstanding difference out here is that there is no social structure. You are judged on your current achievements. You can be a charming and educated man from an excellent family, but you won't be as sought after as the producer who made \$200,000 last year. You can have been a nobody yesterday, but—if your last picture made half a million—you're in the *creme de la creme* of Hollywood society. Indeed, the only cliquishness in Hollywood is that of success. Top bracket producers go around with other top bracket producers. They wouldn't be caught at Romanoff's with lesser fry!

Still, this position which is based on what you have personally accomplished—instead of who your parents were and whether or not your ancestors came over on the Mayflower—is one of the most intriguing things about Hollywood. It's Americana. It has a "any boy can be President" flavor.

Also, the people out here are a great deal more interesting than just average people. They have talent and beauty and charm. They have determination, and an ability to make something of themselves. They are creative people, brushed with genius. You have a feeling that it is the nerve center for creative minds,

and it is like New York in that respect.

I like the unexpected things that happen in Hollywood. I liked, for instance, going to a dinner party at Harpo Marx's and finding a great golden harp in the living room. It was dramatic, original, and a little crazy, you know, just having a harp there. And the dinner guests were utterly charming. These people are not the suave and smooth politicians, the graceful, gracious socialites—but they are the most entertaining people in the world. I prefer life here to Washington any day.

For I think the old time social setup is gone—the set that doesn't speak to so-and-so because he hasn't lived here forty years. I think that's wrong, and I think it's out. I don't like that stuffy social setup, and I hope Hollywood never gets to the point where it loses its naïveté and charm and goes wholly proper, and snobbish. I love the great informality—the going without your hat, the trekking to the store in slacks, the friendships you can make on face value.

But the casualness can be insidious. I'm afraid if you stayed here too long and didn't have something definite to do, you would find yourself going to the Mocambo every night and not doing anything all day. In Washington, you go to luncheons and to showings at the museum or to Congress. You meet people from all over the world—from Brazil, Argentina, France, Russia. You might go to lunch with the wife of a Brazilian ambassador one day and the wife of a French ambassador the next. You have to understand their politics, their countries. When you go to a reception, everyone you could possibly meet in world affairs is there. You develop a wider viewpoint.

Out here, there's a tendency for the men to do most of the talking at mixed gatherings, and the conversation is always movies, movies, movies. Sometimes they are decidedly surprised if you ask what United States Steel did yesterday. You sit at a table with three men and three women, and all the men start cross-talking and the women just sit there. It goes on and on, and you finally get nervous and say to the men, "I disagree with you. I think—" Whereupon there is a dead silence.

I have seen six men and perhaps one woman at a typical over-the-dinner table conference at the Brown Derby, for instance. In three hours hardly a remark will be addressed to the girl. She never opens her mouth. I think the fault is that too many social engagements turn into hot business discussions for the simple reason that Hollywoodians find nothing else quite so fascinating as "the business."

One thing that is very noticeable about Hollywood men is that they are spoiled. They have had so many people throw themselves at them that they expect it. On the other hand, they are certainly attractive! It's definitely exciting to go out with story book heroes, for that's exactly what they are. As handsome as Galahad or an Arrow collar ad, they are apt to make ordinary men seem dull by comparison. Just as going out with a Rita Hayworth or a Hedy Lamarr might make little Susie back home seem dull by com-

parison. Hollywood men have more to offer. They are the most charming, handsome and entertaining men in the world. After all, they wouldn't be movie stars if these hadn't been their outstanding qualities in the first place. Analytically, they may be a little too ambitious, more calculating. Maybe they don't have the polish and veneer of the diplomatic crowd. But they are more intriguing.

Yet sometimes I miss Washington. After all, it's my home town. I grew up there. I had my debut there. I know everyone. At times I even miss the formality—things like getting dressed for dinner and arriving in a formal—with

everything about the dinner party done just so and everyone being very intelligent, with minds that challenge. I miss meeting the diplomats who come to town. I even miss getting the latest government gossip ahead of the rest of the nation, the feeling of being "in" on things before they happen.

Still, when I add it all together, I realize that I *know* Washington. I lived there so long I almost know what the people will be saying next year at this time. While out here it's more unpredictable, more lusty. Everything is new to me. So I'd like to stay around to see what will happen. I think I will!

Cary Grant Goes Crusading

Continued from page 25

They have already decided on some stories, the first going into active production in November. Because Cary has a strong streak of personal reserve—"hang-over from my British birth, I expect," he says—he hasn't talked much to the reporters or indeed to anybody else about his crusade. So some most peculiar rumors have been whispered in the spots where film folk gather. Cary gets quite pink in the face when they're repeated to him, even though he characteristically admits it's partly his own fault for not being more openly talkative!

Well, here's the low-down from Cary himself, as he ate his coffee-toast-and-tomato-juice breakfast in a pleasant London room overlooking the Hyde Park treetops. He was wearing a plain sky-blue rayon robe over his striped cotton pajamas, wriggling his bare toes impatiently in his leather slippers as he talked. The fall sunlight glinted on the tiny gold medallion of St. Christopher which he always keeps round his throat, highly appropriate talisman for a man whose hobby is travel.

"I have *not* turned my back on California," he stated definitely. "The reason I'm making my current films in Britain is because London happens to be the most convenient base for the work. And I don't want my first production to be called 'a new British film' because I loathe these labels. I don't care whether a film was made in America or Britain or Italy or China. I only recognize two labels for any film. Good and bad."

Coffee went cold while he detailed the story of his coming presentation. It really shows Cary as himself, a man traveling in search of adventure and experience, ranging from New York to London and Paris, with nearly half the scenes set on the beautiful rocky coastline of the Mediterranean, not far from Nice and Monte Carlo. "Now how can you tie any national label on to a film like this?" Cary demanded logically enough.

The second film, already being scripted, is "The Devil and the Angel," a mixture of realism and fantasy. "And I play the Devil this time," Cary remarked with satisfaction. "It was positively my last angelic appearance in 'The Bishop's Wife.' Gosh, the trouble I took learning to play that harp! I rubbed the skin

right off three of my fingers and they were sore for days. And after all that, the critics complained my harping didn't look like the real thing on the screen!"

One Hollywood columnist wrote that Cary was obviously deserting California because he had sold his house and stored his furniture. That has made Cary angry too. "Certainly I sold it! It's far too big a house for a bachelor. And I'm coming round to thinking it's best for a man of my temperament to be a bachelor, you know. What that gossip-woman hasn't discovered yet is that I also happen to own a small bungalow out in the hills. That is where I am going to make my future home. Since the present occupants can't get out until February, naturally I had to store my things meantime. But the first day my bungalow is empty, they'll all be moved in and set about. In March, when we should have finished the first film at Shepperton, I plan to fly over and stay there a month, saying 'hello again' to all my Hollywood friends, before I come back again to start playing ole Debil."

China narrowly escaped being swept off the table as Cary's strong brown hands emphasized another point: "There is absolutely no inner significance, either economic or political or anything else, about my being in London just now! I have

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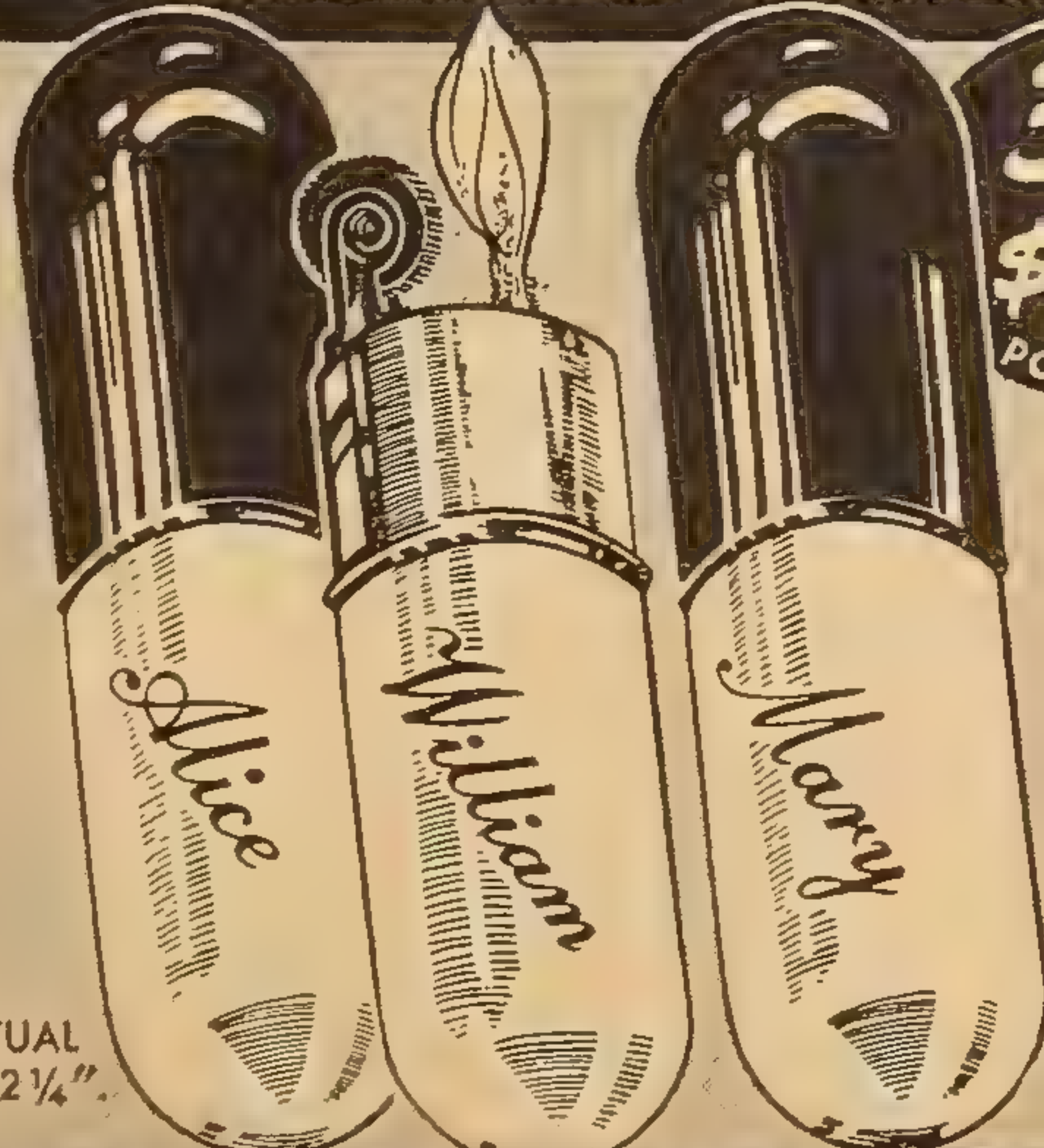
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come merely because it is simplest and cheapest to produce these particular films here. It's fantastic nonsense to say I'm thinking of reverting to my British nationality again. *I am not!* I'm far too proud to be an American citizen. I love America sincerely. I've lived there for more than twenty years now, and I could never contemplate making a permanent home anywhere else in the world."

Cary acknowledges he likes to visit Britain, even though he has had to bring along his own tomato juice and dried eggs and the soapflakes with which he has managed to persuade his studio dresser to wash out his shirts since London laundries take at least a month. It's difficult to get Cary to admit one thing because he abhors discussing his deeper feelings—he prefers to appear gay and light-hearted just as he does in his screen parts. But it's still true that he does conceal a warm wealth of loyalty under his bright wise-cracking exterior, and not the least is the steadfast affection he bears his mother. Fame has never made the slightest difference to this happy, understanding relationship. Indeed fame would never make much real difference to anything Cary felt in his heart. It's just something incidental to his inward sense of values, in the same way he believes it infinitely more important to enjoy what you are doing rather than merely to be rich. A mountain to Cary is only something to climb because you can see still higher peaks from the top. He reminds you of the words of that ancient philosopher who observed, "It is more important to travel hopefully than to arrive."

Old Mrs. Leach still lives in a modest little redbrick house in a block in the quiet Bristol suburb of Redlands where her son Archie was born forty-three years ago. Nothing will induce her to leave her familiar background and her lifelong local friends, so Archie who has since become Cary Grant is forced to visit her

there. He grins at the amiable determination and resolution of the frail old lady who won't tear up her roots. He appreciates that he has inherited a generous share of the same attributes himself!

So as frequently as he can spare the time, Cary drives across England to Bristol and eats the meals his mother cooks and sits in his shirt-sleeves in her little parlor assuring her he always does get plenty of sleep and remembers to keep his feet dry. For to Mrs. Leach, he is still untidy young Archibald Alexander who ran away from his stool in the office of his father's drygoods store on his sixteenth birthday and became an acrobat with the circus show that was shortly sailing for New York.

For years now Cary has sent his mother weekly food parcels to relieve her scant rations and has also provided her with clothes. He could have called up some exclusive shop in Beverly Hills and placed an order, but Cary is never casual about the people and things he loves. He has always gone to a busy popular shop and carefully selected and carried away the homely kind of dresses and shoes he knows his mother prefers.

Though Mrs. Leach is far too wise to attempt to interfere with Cary's life, she doesn't entirely approve. "All this rushing about all over the world!" she deprecates. "It's a good thing he's so strong and healthy, isn't it? Sometimes I wish he'd marry a nice quiet girl and raise a family and settle down. But then again I'm not sure it would be best for him. Archie always was restless, even as a child. He never likes to feel he's tied in any way. So perhaps it's better for him to be alone because he does have such a lot of things on his mind all the time."

Cary has never talked about his marriages in an intimate fashion, not even to his mother, though he does remain on polite and friendly terms with his former wives. At present all his energies and

enthusiasms are so completely absorbed in his new crusade to make "something fresh and different" for movie-goers, there doesn't seem any room for even the most undemanding and self-effacing type of wife! To save time, Cary is making his home at the Shepperton Studios, a small suite of lounge, bedroom and bath having been arranged for him next to his dressing-room on the lot. He gets his meals carried in from the restaurant next door and devotes fourteen hours almost every day to his film.

So it's probably just as well that Cary doesn't like parties and bright lights and social high spots. He refuses all invitations to the West End film premières, pointing out that he never even goes to his own anyway. He attended a grand publicity cocktail party on arrival, at the personal request of Sir Alexander Korda, and after he had said the correct things with an amiably wooden expression on his face, he retired and announced he wasn't available for reporters or photographers or anybody else save the people he chose to invite himself. He has been to several London plays and vaudeville shows, which he loves, accompanied by Carol Reed and dramatist Frederick Lonsdale. About once a week a few friends do eat dinner with him in his studio suite and talk movies till after midnight. David Niven, making "Bonnie Prince Charlie" at Shepperton, is usually there. Cary seems particularly popular with other men in films, maybe because he is never jealous or spiteful, always ready to warmly praise another player's work. "Why should I carry a chip on my shoulder?" Cary asks. "I've been lucky myself and I'm always glad when I see somebody else who's making the grade too."

Cary and Carol have already been in France for two weeks, studying the Parisians and the hard-working fisherfolk and flower farmers who live beside the Mediterranean. They intend to show real people in the new film, not just "crowd types," in the same way that the inhabitants of that Ulster city of "Odd Man Out" were authentic characters and not professional players. Cary was able to get some more sun-tan which he likes because then he doesn't have to use make-up that makes him feel uncomfortable.

Veteran of seventy-three pictures, Cary says he is learning a lot from Carol Reed and Korda as they make his seventy-fourth together. For Cary intends to direct films himself in the not too distant future, only acting occasionally in parts with special appeal. He dreams of having his own mobile camera unit, which he can take right round the world making films with real life settings as he goes. "It couldn't be before the end of 1950, of course," he murmurs with his brown eyes unusually thoughtful, "but by then I could probably—" And you realize that Cary Grant's crusade is definitely a long-term plan.

Wherever Cary finds himself, he likes to talk to people quietly and naturally, asking them for their own ideas about movies and what they should be. You'll find him chatting with a truck-driver, a waitress, an electrician, a salesman, a

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of SCREENLAND, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Homer Rockwell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the SCREENLAND, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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stenographer, sitting unrecognized in a small working-class city café or in the low-ceilinged bar of some ancient Somerset inn to which he's taken his mother for a drive on Sunday evening. He spent one evening just walking about the London streets, and not only in the smart West End either, looking at the blitz damage and the old buildings which still stand proudly; resting on a wooden bench in a tiny Southwark park near the docks where he shared his cigarettes with the stevedores. Another day Cary took his place in a candy queue, simply because he wanted to overhear the conversation. One housewife stared hard at his grey American worsted and neat spotted necktie of his favorite dark blue. "Good suit you're wearing," she remarked. "I suppose you bought it in the Black Market?"

There's no doubt Cary is happiest and at complete ease when he's among the kind of people who make up the majority of the population, no matter what country he's in. Success has brought him many enjoyable new experiences and gifts but it hasn't taken away his essential character. He will tell you himself that he's "still working in show business" and give a sardonic grin if anybody mentions the psychology of motion picture art or suchlike. The only thing he loathes more deeply than affected cultural pretensions is social ostentation. "I wasn't born into that world," Cary declares, "and what I've seen since of its silliness and snobbishness, I don't want to enter it anyway."

He reads when he can, choosing travel volumes and essays and biographies rather than fiction, and he's fond of music, always keeping a piano in his sitting-room "because you never can tell when a musician might call," sometimes playing it himself very haltingly when he is alone. He will never write letters if he can possibly avoid it, sending his friends telegrams when it proves impracticable to talk to them by telephone. His transatlantic phone account has reached astronomical figures since he arrived in London. He's apt to call up whenever he feels he has some special news to relate, taking it for granted the other party will be as pleased to hear it as he would be himself in the circumstances! He regularly cables for flowers to be sent to women he knows in New York and Hollywood, wives of his men friends and the ladies with whom he's acted at different times. But the card that goes along always has the same unvaried message: "With best wishes from Cary Grant." And as one lovely blonde starlet has been reported to remark when she read it, "You certainly can't make anything out of that!"

He's allergic to large crowds, frankly owning he feels frightened when people begin to press in on him, and so does his movie-going at early matinées when he isn't as likely to be recognized. In Britain at least it is almost always older women and men who identify Cary and ask for his autograph. He signed the little red book belonging to Captain C. G. Illingworth, the Cunard White Star Line Commodore, whose collection of famous signatures is a priceless one. Cary is the only male screen star to be invited

to add his name in this exclusive volume.

Before the Queen Mary sailed, many distinguished visitors and a number of passengers too crowded into Cary's state-room hoping to get a glimpse of the star. His seven pieces of baggage were there, his silver brushes on the bureau and his brown morocco writing-set upon the desk, but no owner. They searched every public room on board and even the Turkish baths without locating him. Finally Freddie Lonsdale held a party without him and everybody finally went away wondering however Cary had managed to apparently vanish into thin air.

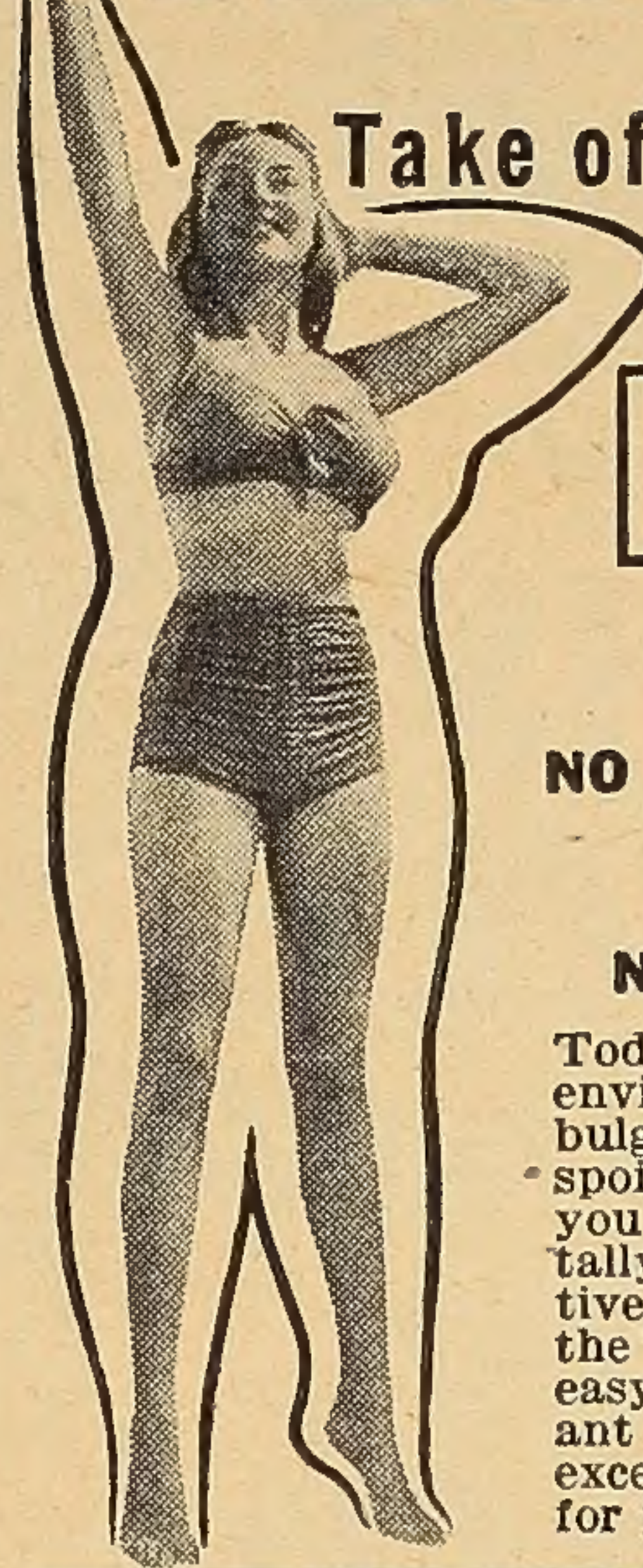
The secret was that Cary was shut away from them behind stout iron doors marked "Strictly Private," being taken round the engine-room with me under the friendly guidance of Chief Engineer Fisher. We clambered up narrow ladders and balanced precariously on iron cross-bars, Cary completely footsure because he's never lost the sense of balance he was taught in the circus. Delighted as any teen-ager with his unique privilege of seeing how a giant liner is operated, he asked endless questions about the miles of tubes and pipes and the impressive masses of metal machinery and the enormous intricate switchboards and signal-systems. Inevitably too he talked with the men in denims about the human angles of their job below decks.

"You could make a wonderful film about an Atlantic liner," Cary said with that look appearing in his eyes again. "Show a simple theme, perhaps about a man and a woman meeting on board, from the Captain's point of view, then from the steward's and the seaman's and the engineer's—"

So we all began to discuss the idea and agreed it met Cary's high requirements of novelty when he suddenly laughed. "Come to think of it, we're making movie history at this very minute," he declared. "It must be the first time a magazine writer has ever interviewed a screen actor forty feet below the waterline standing on a steel grating and holding on to a safety-bar!"

Well, most things about Cary Grant have a way of working out in highly unusual fashion. Certainly this new film which marks the first step forward in his personal crusade is going to be an interesting production. For tall Cary Grant, with his dark eyes smiling attractively under his grey-streaked black hair and that dimple he doesn't like appearing in his chin, couldn't possibly be other than interesting either on the screen or off it.

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